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The SPHERE

Vol. CXX. No. 1570 FEB. 22, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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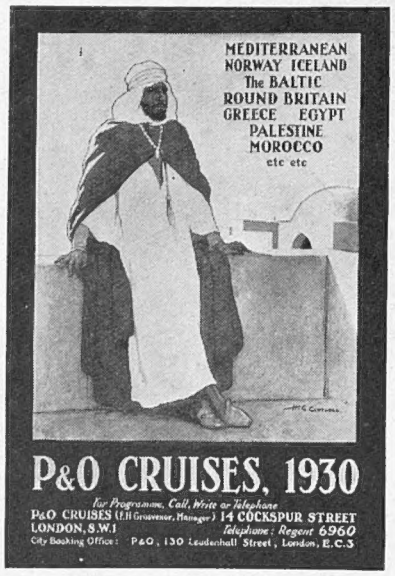

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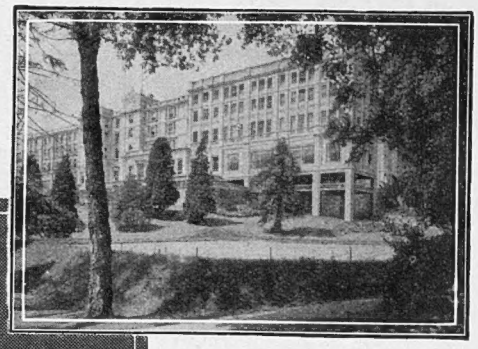

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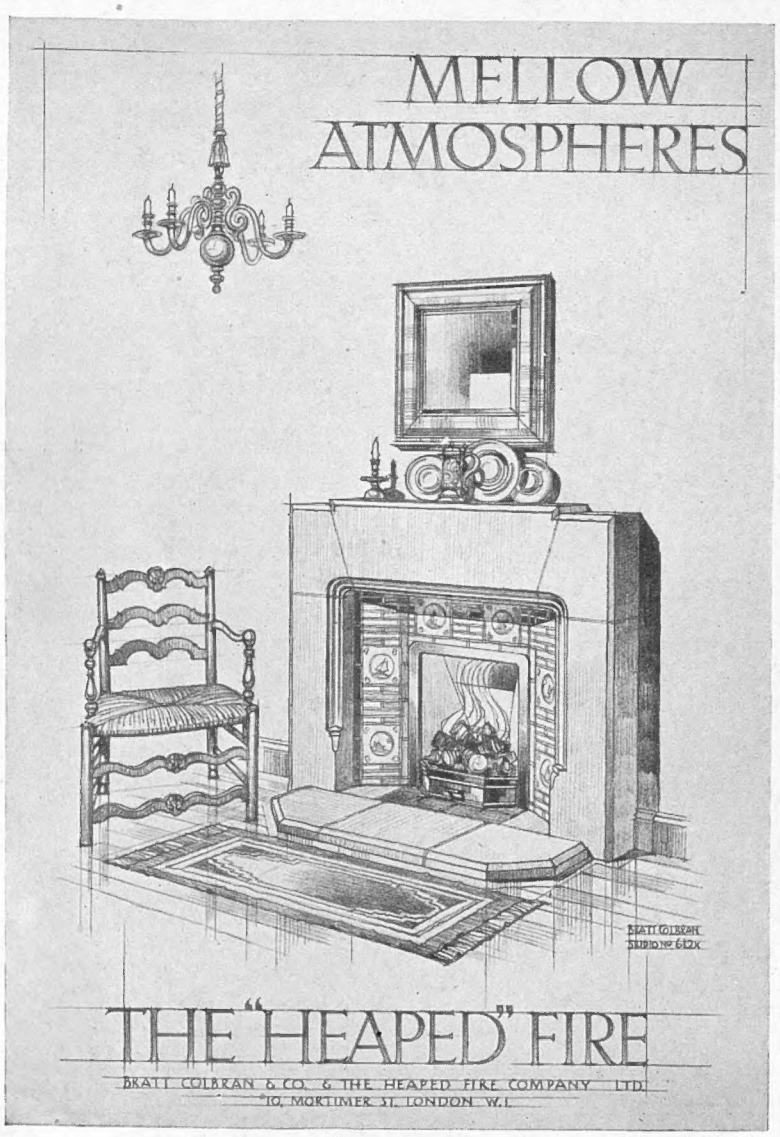

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BE your room what it may, it can be made more appealing and alluring with "Nell Gwynn" Decorative Candles.

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FIELD'S
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Solid Dyed Candles for Burning and Decorating.

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"Our Nell"
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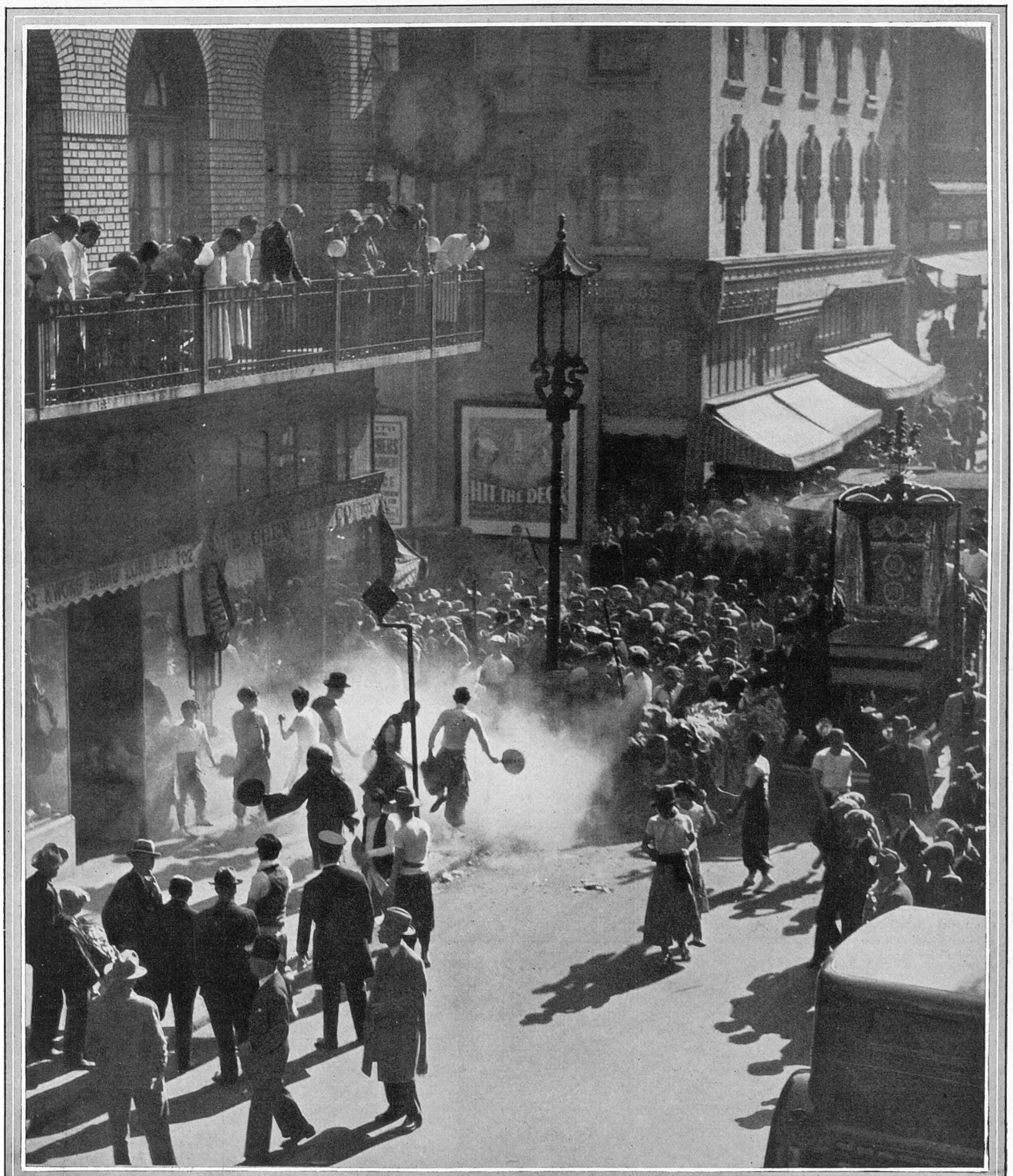
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXX. No. 1570 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d., Foreign, 3d. } London, February 22, 1930

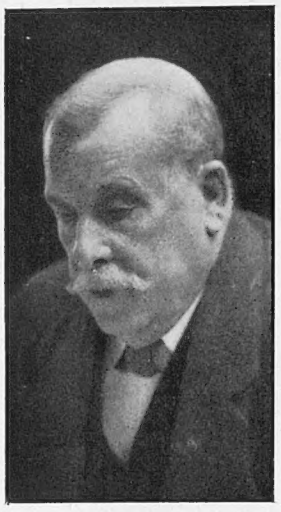


CHINATOWN celebrates its NEW YEAR.

(January 30)

Although the modern Europeanised or Americanised Chinese regards the beliefs of his ancestors with something of tolerance and more of disdain, certain facets of life arising from these much-threatened faiths yet drag out a somewhat anomalous existence, the body being retained though the soul be fled. Of such is the letting off of fireworks at the New Year, a practice which is under the ban of the Nationalist Government of Nanking. It was once thought such practice scared away evil spirits; nowadays the only evil spirits in which Chinatown in San Francisco believes are sold at many dollars a quart, but the pyrotechnical display is retained, for Young China, borrowing largely from the theories of Russia, believes any excuse is good enough for enjoyment. Whatever one's creed one must deplore the passing of the old-time piety even if one may commend the death of barbaric superstition.

A London Newsletter



A CANINE ENTHUSIAST: Mr. Charles Cruft, the great organiser of the Dog Show held annually at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington. Nearly 10,000 entries and 3,350 dogs were sent in this year

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.
Wednesday, February 19, 1930

If Imagination Had Rein. . . .—If we allowed ourselves to give rein to sentimentality or even imagination over the Conference deliberations we might feel nauseated by the failure even to discuss the question of submarine abolition. We should paint the picture of those high-minded delegates of five Powers, the leaders of civilisation, who have expressed at a score of banquets of brotherhood their single-minded and sincere desire to further the cause of humanity and to combat the brutality of war, condemning without a hearing for a further indefinite term the noblest youth of their countries to the hideous risks of submarine service. If we allowed rein to our imagination this would be the simple story of our disappointment.

"We are here met," chorus five chosen missionaries of peace, "in the cause of brotherhood, in the name of God and humanity, to outlaw cruelty and waste and sudden death and to save innocent blood."

"Then," cries the youth of five nations, "in God's name save us from the death of rats drowned in a wire trap."

"Out of the question," replies a majority of the missionaries; "let us waste no time in fantastic proposals. Next item, please."

That simple tale is most unfair to the Conference. We have agreed a dozen times in as many weeks that this is no time for sentiment, but for hard-headed logic. But the bitterness of our disappointment remains—the goal, the banishment of the probability of war, seems to be as remote as ever.

A Shocked Public.—The British public is easily led because it only reads headlines and is impressed with slogans. But, though inarticulate and badly organised, it usually shows in the end a practical disapproval of any attempt to outrage its decent convictions. At heart the public still has a profound respect for religion, and still retains much of the superstitious fear of its medieval forbears. I feel in my bones that the Government's attitude in regard to the abolition of the existing but antiquated blasphemy restrictions, and its determination to turn a blind eye to the anti-Christ horrors of the Soviets in the expectation of reaping some trade benefit by diplomatic recognition of the murderers, have profoundly shocked the great mass of the public.

The Black Spot.—I am certain that the Church (once more) missed a great opportunity and gave to the Pope, from a mistaken diplomacy, what still might be described as an hereditary prerogative of the Church of England, to protest first of all in the name of Christianity against outrage and oppression of Christians. And I believe that once more Russia will be the stumbling-block which (much sooner than we anticipated) will set in motion the inevitable reaction against the Socialist Government. I find a parallel to the present situation in a chapter of *Treasure Island*, where one of the mutineers cuts "the black spot" from a bible and immediately a superstitious terror awakes a profound reaction against the perpetrator. That is the worst of being a Socialist. You are always intellectually generations ahead of your times and your public, and you and your works vanish in a puff of smoke. The public takes your bribes, but is bored or shocked by your principles.

Sob-stuff Government. — Mr Lansbury means well. That is to say, he is a member of the Sentimentalist Government which shrewdly comprehends the value of a sob-stuff policy. If he cared to do so he could easily appreciate (if Sir Lionel Earle pointed it out) the confusion of thought that lumps all London open spaces in one category and plans to "improve" them for the "little white-faced slum children, the underdog, and the workers." For such is the unuttered implication. Because a paddle-pond may be suitable for Clapham Common, Mr. Lansbury assumes that it will improve Hyde Park. He refuses to see that for every type and class that frequents Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens their charm lies in their superb disregard of organised popular diversion. These once sylvan royal deer parks have, through the good taste of our aristocratic rulers, managed to retain the stately glories of ancestral acres and the indefinable peace and comfort of remote country scenes, and for those very reasons the youngest slum-child and the most embittered underdog are proud of them and derive incalculable benefit from them. The whole nation values Hyde Park because it gives us, in the heart of London, a nobleman's park as a private heritage. Each one of us could say: "No rich duke in the land has a lovelier, statelier, more proudly aristocratic park than I." The moment you start "democratising" Hyde Park, you clip it of its unique appeal to every class in the country. The slum child will always paddle wherever man or nature leaves a puddle, but it knows, better apparently than Mr. Lansbury, what its soul craves for and approves.

Vedrenne-Barker.—The death last week of Mr. J. E. Vedrenne recalls to men of my generation the short but infinitely instructive and productive management of the Court Theatre between 1904 and 1907 by himself and Mr. Granville Barker. Between them, these two, one of the cleverest producers and one of the first dramatists of the age, discovered the existence of a play-going public possessed of taste and discernment, and proved to the hilt that those responsible for British drama need not fear to carry out their important trusteeship of educating and uplifting public taste instead of pandering to the vulgar and the thoughtless. Time and again in isolated instances, it has been shown that infinite pains and artistic aims "pay" even in the material sense, yet always the vulgar fallacy that the public must have what it wants creeps back and the great trusteeship is betrayed. That brief tenancy at the Court Theatre gave me and my contemporaries our education in the university of taste and left us for the rest of our lives inspiring memories of an important and sustained effort to conserve the high traditions and to maintain the splendid standard of national drama. A repertory of Mr. Barker's own plays and of the famous productions at the Court in those years should comprise, with Shakespeare, Sheridan, Goldsmith, and Shaw, the basis of the fare to be provided by our National Theatre—when it comes.

Out of His Mouth.—Mr. Compton Mackenzie has taken a leaf from Mr. Arnold Bennett's *Shocker*, and has delighted to make the flesh of the public creep by frankly recording the list of classics which he has never read and will never read. It includes *Esmond*, *The Newcomes*, *Bleak House*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Lorna Doone*, *Westward Ho!*, and all the works of Meredith. If there be any truth in the old saw that what passes for genius is really humble and tremendous hard work, it would surely help the living professional novelist to study *Esmond*, and if the only other ingredient in that sadly rare phenomenon, a work of genius, be true humanity, there are lessons to be learned, even by a money-making writer, from that uneven and exuberant romance, *Lorna Doone*. Most architects think it no waste of time to study the details of the Parthenon, or even the surviving achievements of Giotto, nay of Wren. And the painter of the hour is seldom so silly as to laugh at Rembrandt or Vermeer. I can't help thinking that the novelist of the day would make a better bid for immortality if he ceased to take pride in his unfamiliarity with the methods of the pioneers of his own trade. Perhaps if Mr. Mackenzie were to mend his ways his puppets might begin to breathe more freely and his *Sinister Streets* escape the hands of Time's house-breakers.

Lord Carson. — Lord Carson, the fighting Temeraire, celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday last week, and shows no inclination to be towed to his last moorings. If Ulster needed him again he would buckle on his sword. His tongue remains sharper than any sword. One of the many stories current concerning his wit and quickness when he was in practice at the Bar comes back to me. With a bumptious or over-confident witness he was sometimes very brusque and he once began his cross-examination (so they say) of such an one thus:

SIR EDWARD: Do ye drink?

WITNESS: That's *my* business, Sir Edward.

SIR EDWARD: Have ye anny other-r business?

RETURNED TO LONDON: Two moments during the motor trip from King's Cross to Buckingham Palace when the King and Queen returned to town from Sandringham. Despite the fears that His Majesty might have to winter in the South, the King seems to be very fit after his stay at his beloved Sandringham

A LOSS TO THE PRIVY COUNCIL: Mr. Lawrence Jones, a distinguished solicitor, who died at the age of fifty-five quite recently. Sir John Simon held an exceedingly high opinion of Mr. Lawrence Jones's worth, both as a lawyer and as a man, an opinion to which he gave expression in a letter to the Press on his death. Mr. Lawrence Jones, who did an enormous amount of Canadian work in the Privy Council and in West Africa, as well as conducting a large general practice, sacrificed his career, joining up a few hours before war was declared in 1914. He received the first temporary commission issued for the Great War. The loss of an eye did not hinder him from building up his practice again at the end of the conflict. A man of modesty commensurate with his brilliance, Mr. Lawrence Jones showed some of the charity as well as the legal acumen of A'Beckett, the great Chancellor, having on occasion taken off his overcoat to help and comfort some poor down-and-out. The noted lawyer leaves a widow, Gwladys Mary, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Winby, and three sons and a daughter

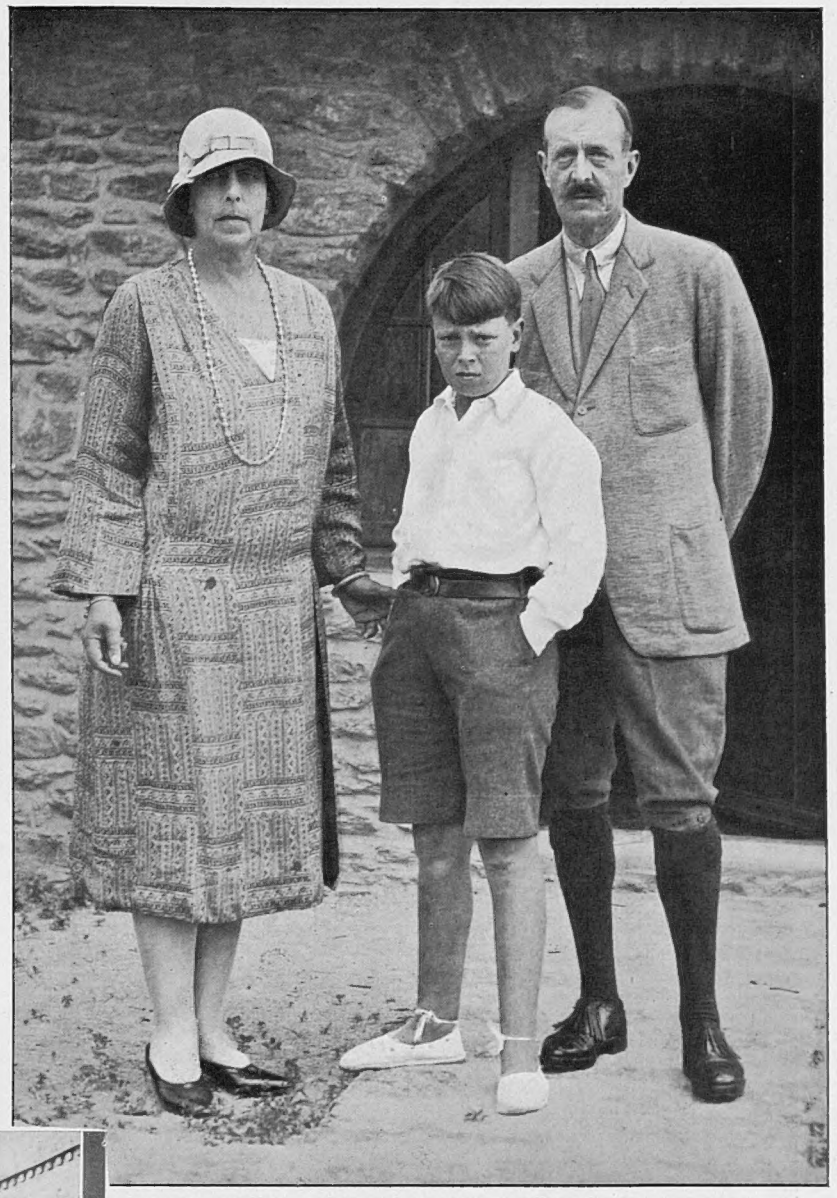
The Festival of Spring.—We have heard more about the obscure origins and implications of St. Valentine's Day this year than for decades. Regret has been expressed that we have in England no special day sanctified to the return of spring. Some argue that in England such a day should be allocated in August; others, less cynical, suggest June. For myself I consider that the Shakespeare Festival at the end of April, held at Stratford, is our national Lupercalia, as full and apt and sufficient a national thanksgiving, staged in a perfect setting at the psychological moment, as any nation can boast. But commerce still regards February 14 as the official date of Persephone's return from down under, and it was extraordinarily interesting to observe in the Press on the 15th the flood of attractive and insidious invitations to garden lovers to buy bird tables, bird boxes, garden-houses, grass seed, roses, delphiniums, hard tennis-courts, and fertilisers. And for once in a way the weather caught up the idea, and gave us (in the country) a very passable imitation of a May day.

Buckingham Street. — In reference to the Charing Cross Bridge Bill which occupied the attention of the House on Wednesday, the *Telegraph* last week published a charming drawing of Buckingham Street, Adelphi, which will probably have to be sacrificed to the new town planning scheme. The Adelphi has long been doomed. We cannot expect wholesale preservation of sections of old London while we aim to keep our City as the world's capital. I forbear to comment on the inevitable loss of a charming little cul de sac. But is the *Telegraph* correct in lumping the older houses in the street as Georgian? The white house, No. 12, is surely Caroline, and the two beyond it are Queen Anne. No. 12 has especially charming features, a rare dignity of panelling and a splendid thick-newelled staircase. The Adelphi boasts still a number of magnificent Adam ceilings. THE OLD STAGER.

The NEWS of the WEEK.

The Naval Delegation Secretaries at Crosby Hall: The Romanoff Heir in Peril: Ardent Rugby Enthusiasts: G.P.O., St. James's: The House that Winston Built

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE NAVAL CONFERENCE: The secretaries of the various delegations at a gathering at Crosby Hall. Each delegation had a spokeswoman who made a speech after which a purely social atmosphere obtained

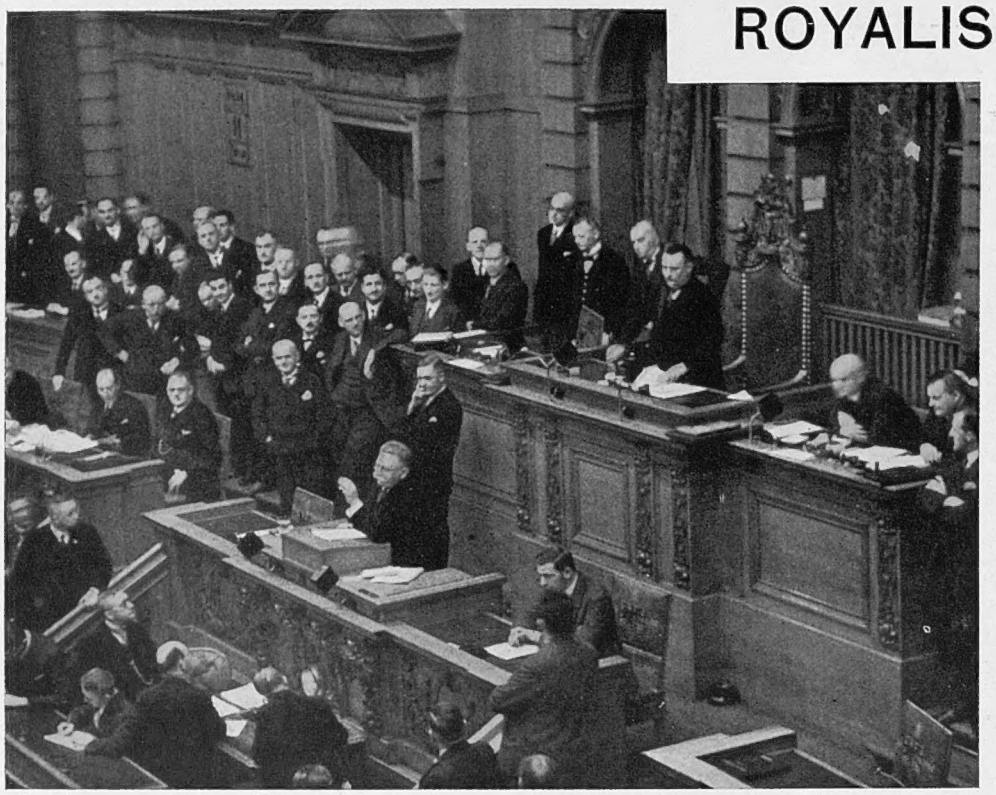


THE HEIR OF THE ROMANOFFS: The Grand Duke Vladimir with his father and mother, the Grand Duke Cyril and the Grand Duchess, at their home in Dinard. Grave fears are entertained lest the Grand Duke Vladimir be kidnapped by the agents of the Ogpu—a fate believed to have overtaken the noted *emigre* Royalist General Koutepoff, whose recent disappearance has puzzled the French police

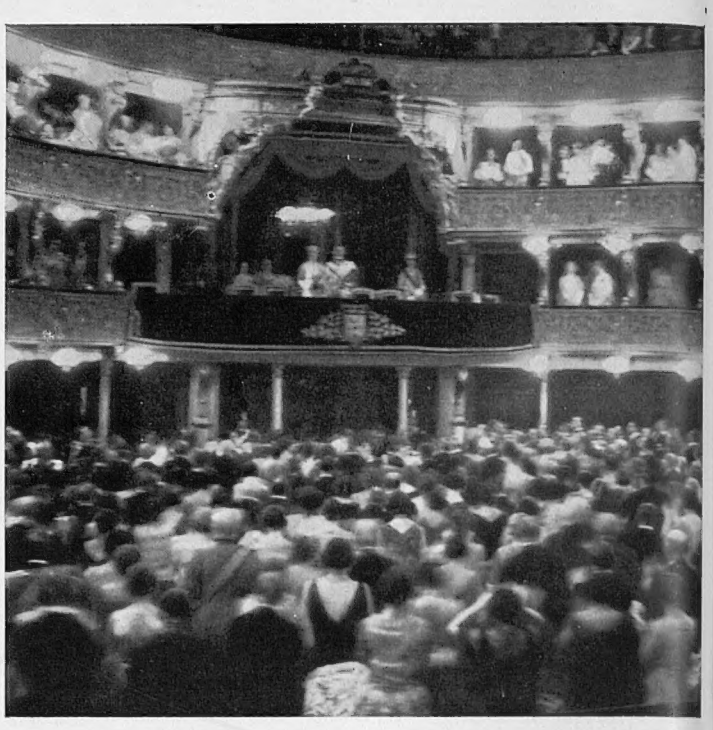
FURIOUS FEMININE ENTHUSIASM: Two ardent supporters at the hospital cup tie between St. Thomas's and King's College played at Richmond, in which the latter was victorious by 40 points (5 goals and 5 tries) to nil. *Inset above on right*—A SELF-BUILT HOUSE: Mr. Winston Churchill, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, outside the house he has built (in defiance of the Bricklayers' Union) with his own hands at Westerham

G.P.O., ST. JAMES'S: The armoury fitted up as a post office for the journalists covering the Conference. It is a pleasant irony that a room hung with weapons should be used to send all over the world messages on the subject of peace and disarmament

ROYALIST AND REPUBLICAN :



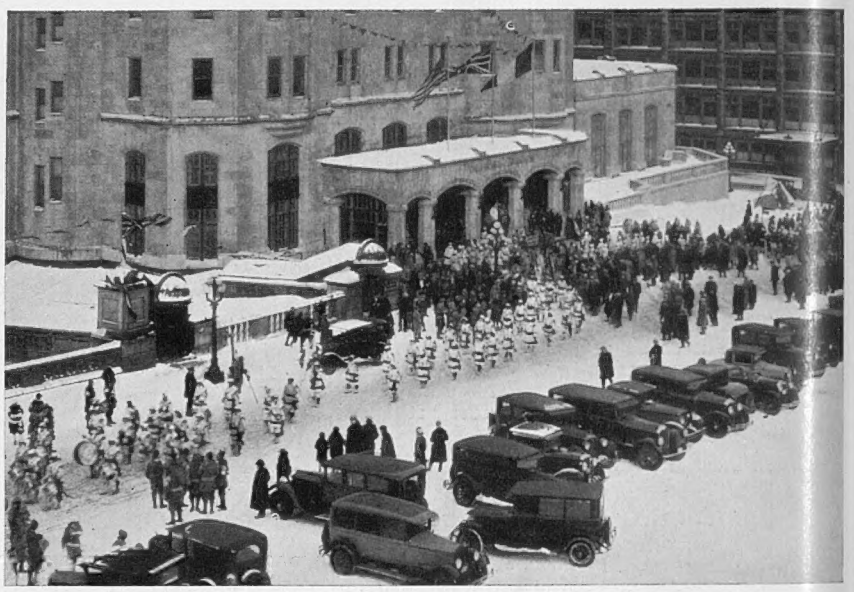
A POLITICAL COME-BACK : Dr. Hugenberg, leader of the Nationalist Party, speaks in the Reichstag on the Young Plan. Members of the Cabinet may be seen in the group



A TRULY ROYAL WELCOME ! A scene in the Regio Theatre, Turin, during a gala performance in honour of the Prince and Princess of Piedmont

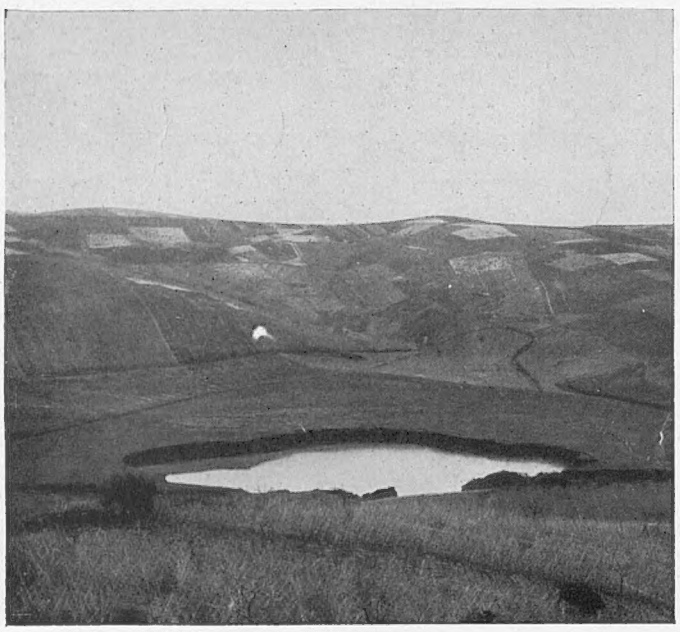
SPORT EVERYWHERE

GERMANY'S JUBILEE SKI-CHAMPIONSHIPS : A procession of children contestants between the ages of four and sixteen at Oberstdorf in the Bavarian Alps

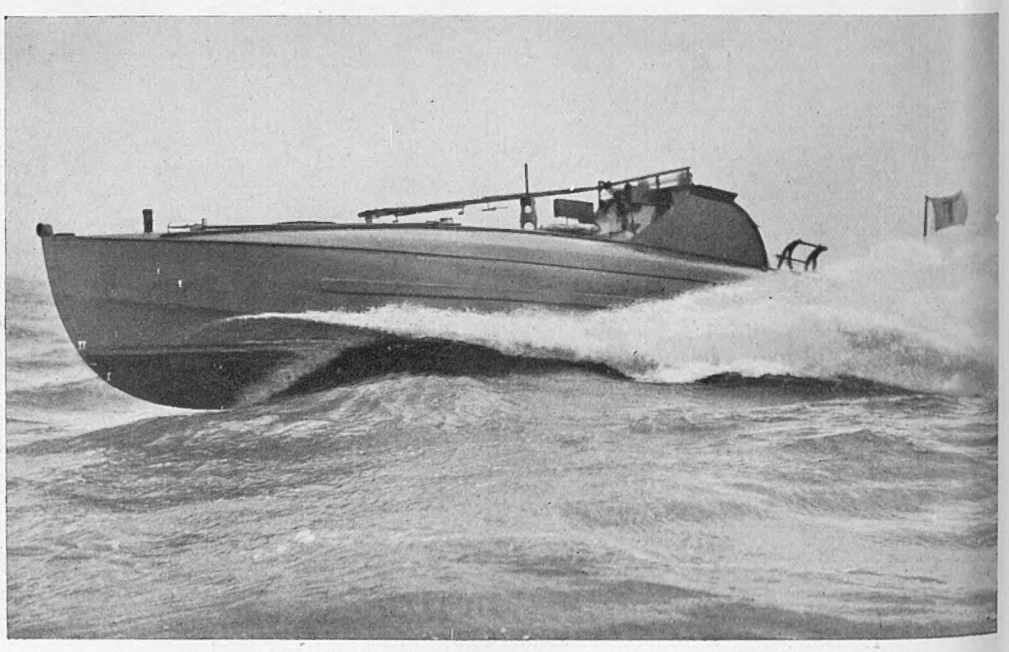


MUSHING THRO' THE SNOW ! The St. Henri Snow-Shoe Club participates in the great sporting festival of Ottawa which culminates in a dog Derby

ITALY AND GREECE



A LAKE FORMED WITHIN A DAY : Owing to some strange telluric pressure the ground at Leprignano, Latium, suddenly filled with water, charged with sulphur. The lake, which formed in twenty-four hours, tends to extend



BUILT FOR "THE ISLES OF GREECE" : Speed-trials of the new 750-h.p. coastal motor torpedo-boats constructed for Greece by Messrs. Thornycroft were held in the Thames off Southend. They have a speed of over 40 knots, and their armament includes two 18-in torpedo tubes, two pairs of Lewis guns, and four depth charges

BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR

THE WORLD'S LARGEST LINER: The White Star exhibit; A model of the "Majestic," constructed by Frank Wilson, shown at the Northern Section of the B.I.F.

AS IN THE OLD DAYS: An exhibit in the Birmingham section of the B.I.F. showing the stand of a firm of scale, beam, and steelyard makers

INDIAN INDEPENDENCE

"FLAGS OF 'FREEDOM,' BANNERS OF CIVIL STRIFE": Mrs. Kamaladevi Chattopadhya, who hoisted the national flag, leads the procession to Chowpathy

THOSE WHO SCORN DOMINION STATUS: A section of the great Independence gathering held in Madras in obedience to the mandates of Congress

MATTERS METROPOLITAN

THE HATRY SALE: A poignant sequel to the great City sensation occurred when not only the private house but the office furniture of Clarence Hatry was inspected before the sale. The office furniture was the most luxurious in London

ENGAGED ON A TEN YEARS' TASK: Commendatore C. T. Formilli engaged on the decoration of Brompton Oratory

Is FASCISM on the DECLINE?

A Frank and Uncompromising Survey of the Present State of Italy, with its Gigantic Superstructure of Fascism; in which, however, the Germs of Ultimate Failure may already be Discerned

The resignation of General Primo de Rivera has set Europe thinking of its Dictators—that diverse group of men—the royal autocrat of the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes; the mysterious personality of Mustapha Kemal in his mountain fastness of Angora; the swashbuckling Marshal Pilsudski, who has strained every nerve to make Poland a first-class Power; and above all the dour Signor Mussolini, *il Duce del Fascismo*, who effected the seeming impossible in making Italian railway trains run to time.

Mussolini! There you have the most picturesque figure of all, and certainly the most discussed man in post-War Europe, as he sits in his palace in Rome writing articles for newspapers telling the world how great are the two institutions of Italy and *il Duce*.

But as one who has visited Italy on scores of occasions since the War, both before the murder of Giordano in the Council chamber of Bologna and during the rule of the black shirts, I am inclined to doubt whether Fascism is all that it is made out to be. Italy appears to be getting a little weary of being alternately bullied and mothered. The nation is not raising its hand in the Roman salute with quite the old-time vigour.

Fascism is expensive. It has made Italy one of the most expensive countries in Europe in which to live. Italian industry is not thriving and debts are piling up all round. This is a serious factor which is making Italians think. After all, when the black shirts installed themselves in Rome and made King Victor Emmanuel take a back seat, they brought a wave of prosperity to a country which had been torn by Communism and disorder. When history is not repeating itself it is setting precedents. One of them is that content always accompanies full stomachs and full pockets. Fascism in the beginning did both. But those halcyon days are gone. And in this, the Year Eight of Fascismo, quite a different feeling prevails.

Some days ago, in the city of Milan, it was decided by the local Fascisti that people in the cafés of the famous Galleria Vittore Emmanuele near the Duomo, were discussing the regime a little too freely. One evening a party of the younger Fascists were instructed to invade these cafés and restaurants where, for once in a way, men had been expressing aloud thoughts which they had long harboured in silence

These youths, with loud cries of "Evviva," proceeded to smash every glass and bottle within sight. The damage amounted to several thousands of lire. But that was not all. The blackshirts proceeded to belabour one or two of the people sitting quietly drinking coffee or "bitter Campari." And to their astonishment there was retaliation. Such a thing would not have been possible in Italy a few years ago, for then no one dared to criticise Fascism, let alone strike a blackshirt. But in these Milanese cafés there was a free fight which lasted a long time.

The incidents were never reported in the Italian press, for the strictest censorship prevails and everything of a derogatory nature has to be submitted to headquarters in Rome. Only a very vague account was sent by local correspondents to their newspapers beyond the frontier, for under the new regime an unpleasant life awaits the journalist who is too critical of anything Fascist.

Men and women are beginning to say things about their lost liberties. They must go to bed at an early hour because there is nothing to do. They cannot travel beyond the frontier because they cannot get passports. I am told that the Government issue only about 2,000 passports a month although the Italian population is somewhere near 40,000,000.

The Italian temperament has always been willing to submit to despotism for a time. No nation in the world has taken more readily to tyranny from the time of Diocletian to the days of the incredible savagery of the government of the last King of the Two Sicilies. But always there has been a spirit of revolt which has burst into flame at last. I do not think for one moment that there will be any organised rebellion against Fascism for a long time to come, but there are signs that all is not well. Italy has been in stranglehold just a trifle too long. A loosening of the bonds might work wonders.

The callousness of the system is illustrated by the treatment meted out to a journalist whose name at one time was a household word from the Alps to Brindisi. He did not approve of Fascism, and so his voice was heard no more in Italy. Some months ago he thought it would be better if he went abroad, and sent the usual fee of 100 lire to apply for a passport. The application was refused. *But the money was not refunded.*

I know of another instance where a passport was refused to an established business man in Turin. He was the agent of an American company and a man of substance. No reason was given for the refusal to issue

The accompanying article is written by a well-known journalist who has only just returned from Italy. The conclusions he draws from his acute observations may come as something of a shock to many who regard Fascism as an unmixed blessing and as an institution as everlasting as the Seven Hills of the Eternal City

the necessary *laisser aller*. In consequence the London representative of the firm had to travel to Italy at great personal inconvenience to discuss matters of urgent business.

The stranger who knows a little Italian and mingles with the populace automatically realises an atmosphere of suspicion. It is something quite intangible, but it is there. Sit in a café in an Italian city and carry your mind to a café in a French city of similar size. In the one the faces of the people are glum. They speak with intense seriousness. In the other there are smiles everywhere. The people gesticulate with happiness and health. As I crossed the frontier at Modane on the last occasion I felt that I was leaving a country in which there is no laughter.

This is the gloomy side of Fascism. If there is any happiness in achievement then the Italians have cause to rejoice, for the blackshirts have accomplished wonders. It is the method of doing things which has caused discontent.

The other day I read that if the 350 level-crossings were to be abolished in Great Britain, then 262 Acts of Parliament would be required. It is here that autocracy has its advantages. Mussolini would have signed a slip of paper and commanded that the level crossings be abolished at once. Such antique things as Acts of Parliament find no place in the Fascist mind.

Mussolini wanted a coast road from Pisa to Naples—a terrific undertaking. But the work was done. At one place it was necessary to shift half a mountain, but there was sufficient dynamite forthcoming, and the half mountain disappeared.

It was decided that the central station of Milan was shabby. That fact did not take much deciding in any case. But instead of painting the place up a bit, as would have happened in England, the Fascists determined that Milan should have a railway station worthy of the city of the Sforzas, and so several millions of *lire* are being spent to build a new station about half a mile from the first.

The work will be completed next year, and then a brand new permanent way will be built through the city. The old station is to be demolished, and a boulevard will pass where now the Simplon express grunts lazily to a standstill. This amazing achievement excites no surprise. Such Herculean feats are part of everyday life. A Londoner wants to weep when he thinks of Parliament haggling over Charing Cross Bridge.

Italy struck me as being a country without a single regard for expense—a sort of European United States. If something is wanted, from an opera house to a viaduct, then that something is supplied—and supplied quickly. The day of reckoning has not yet come.

I remember some years ago, when on a visit to Naples, I remarked to an old Italian that great improvements were being effected in the city. Down near the quay they were building a huge tunnel just to facilitate the traffic system. It was costing millions. My old Italian shook his head and said, "They are doing things too quickly. How can we pay for it all at once?"

That was a long time ago, and since then enormous sums have been borrowed and spent. Taxation is creeping up, although it has not yet reached the formidable level of this country. The cost of living is expensive, with the result that prices are high. A meal in quite an ordinary hotel costs round about thirty-five *lire*—six shillings and eightpence. Travellers are not flocking to the sacred shrines of the beautiful Italian cities because they cannot afford it.

Yet Italy can afford two armies—the regular forces and the Fascist militia. The last named is much more in evidence than the former. It is more important.

There was a time when Italy was infested by beggars. They pestered the foreign visitor at the doors of churches and hotels and railway stations. One day Italy woke up to find that the beggars had disappeared. The magic wand of Fascismo made idlers work. But the beggars are coming back. I have seen them in several of the larger cities—only a few and mostly crippled, but beggars. And you could not find one at all some years ago.

Fascism is a lasting tribute to the power of publicity and advertising. Wherever you go you find the symbol of the *fasces*. On the front of every locomotive there is a bronze replica of this same symbol. In the mosaic of the galleries workmen have disturbed the original pattern and you find the *fasces* staring at you from below. On the walls of mean houses are the grim features of *il Duce* painted in black by means of a stereo.

In every hotel in the country the photographs of Mussolini and King Victor hang side by side. The wise shopkeeper directs his window-dressers to make the likeness of *il Duce* the centrepiece of the decoration. There are pictures of the Fascist leader in every tram. He stares at you in every café and restaurant. No matter where you go you cannot get away from him. The manufacture of pictures and photographs of the *Duce* and his *fasces* must be one of the Italian industries which is really flourishing.

You are not allowed to forget Fascism. You may not like it, but you cannot forget it. It has no humanity. It wants to make men automatons far more than the cut-throats of Moscow. It denies to all the dearest liberties. It could not survive in this country for one day. It remains to be seen how long it will survive in Italy—for no regime is everlasting.

"X.X.X."

FASCISTS OF TO-MORROW: Signor Mussolini reviews the Balilla who, it is not unlikely, may never take their place in Fascist ranks

GOVERNMENT BY BLACKSHIRT: The Forestry Commission surrounds Il Duce in the Palazzo Venezia—but for how long will they remain Fascist?

U.S.S.R. ATTACK UPON ALL RELIGION

THE CALL TO THE FAITHFUL TO FEED THE FAITHLESS: The largest bell in Russia, that of the Sergiev Monastery, has, following the policy of the U.S.S.R. to suppress all churches, been removed, and is to be smelted down for the manufacture not, as in the days of the French Revolution, of guns, but of agricultural implements

"SCORNED AND REJECTED OF MEN": One of the anti-religious processions passes through the streets of Moscow to the hideous laughter of self-styled "superior" minds

THINGS SACRED TURNED TO SCORN: A procession of students in Moscow treating the solemnities of the Mass with derision. It is such mockeries as these that have roused the several churches of Christendom against the Government which encourages them, with a unanimity which includes Pope and Puritan

LEGISLATING GOD OUT OF THEIR LIVES: 16,000 peasants in Gluchove and Bogorodsk, having burned 5,000 ikons in the district, take a public oath to fight Christianity in all its manifestations. It would seem injudicious of the U.S.S.R. thus to antagonise public opinion in the very countries with which they wish to trade

PROFANATION: A workman prises an ikon off a church door at Bogorodsk

"The opium of the masses is Religion." That is the battle cry of the atheistic forces of Soviet Russia, marshalled to exterminate the very idea of Deity. Though denying that any "persecution" of religion is permitted, demonstrations ridiculing things sacred to corporate Christendom are encouraged. For the first time in centuries, the schisms that are something of a laughing-stock are obliterated and one united voice of protest is raised from all the strongholds of the Faith.

REFUSING to be TAMED

Nero, the Sumatran Tiger at the Zoo, Pictured at last, and Friends of Man at Cruft's Show

THE MOST SAVAGE BEAST IN THE ZOO: Nero, the great Sumatran tiger. Ever since his arrival in October Nero refused to come out of his sleeping den, but he was tempted out recently, and the door was shut behind him. His rage manifested itself in furious activity

FEROCITY INCARNATE: Nero, caught by a camera thrust between the bars of his cage, to the danger of the operator. In such circumstances a photographer's life is not a happy one. There seems little chance of Nero becoming less Neronic

A VIOLENT PROTEST: Nero, fitly named Sumatran tiger, in a typical pose. Hopes that a regular life would sweeten his temper have proved unfounded, for he is more ferocious than on his arrival

THE PICK OF THE SHOW: Mr. H. S. Lloyd's Champion Lucky Star of Ware—a cocker which won six firsts and was voted the best dog at Cruft's. Cockers were the most popular dogs—over 700 entries being received

DOGS OF THE ALPINE SLOPES: Miss Renie Pugh with two magnificent prize-winning St. Bernards at this year's show at the Agricultural Hall

PRESENTED AT THE CANINE COURT: A new breed of dog, known as the Finnish Spits, which made its debut at Cruft's this year. The breed has a definitely vulpine appearance with a strong touch of the wolf—but disposition is belied by appearance

Lady Drummond-HAY

writes on

An Intimate "Causerie" on Items of International Interest

WORLD AFFAIRS...

Above: *KING OF THE POLISH GIPSIES: King Michael II (Kwiet) crowned recently at Piaster, near Warsaw. His gipsy consort is "Queen" Sedra Lubica*

Below: *A MODERNISER OF THE CHINESE ARMY: The late Colonel Max Bauer of Big Bertha fame who reorganised the military system of Cathay*

"LIBERANDA EST ÆGYPTA." — Nahas Pasha, Egyptian Prime Minister, has been authorised by the Egyptian Parliament to negotiate a treaty with Great Britain on the basis of the recent British proposals.

Egyptian realisation of actual sovereign independence, for years a promise unfulfilled, looms prominently on the political horizon as one of the pressing problems demanding satisfactory solution in the new year.

Through five thousand years Egypt, of glorious history and civilisation of the past, has been the battle-ground of one alien nation, race, or conqueror after the other, first from the East then from the West. With the passivity of the East that reckons not time, Egypt has sometimes submitted for long periods to alien rule, eventually absorbing the conqueror or expelling him. Always and ever, sooner or later, the Valley of the Nile reveals a magic sinister to alien Domination.

The problem of holding the "occupied" Egypt for reasons of military strategy, conquest, commerce, or culture, which in their time perplexed Persia, then Greece, then Rome, has come down to us. And as the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans disappeared from the picture on the Nile, so shall we Britons as an "occupying power." It is Destiny. The question is no longer, "Shall we withdraw from west of the Canal?" but "How can we do so, and best safeguard British interests, fulfil our obligations, intensify the friendship of the Egyptian nation for Britain, and retain Egypt as an active co-operating friendly link in the British Empire?"

The campaign in progress against full Egyptian independence since Mr. Ramsay MacDonald began to launch the plan of friendly agreement and understanding in place of a régime of force and might to hold Egypt, ignores or glosses over the one indisputable fact—that we solemnly engaged ourselves to give Egypt "sovereign independence." The reservations made do not in any way alter the meaning, or change the dictionary definition of the word "sovereign." It has but one definition. Even if it were a mistake of the Government that made the promise to have used that term, as some argue, we are now morally bound by it.

Arguments advanced that the Egyptian masses are too illiterate and ignorant to know what independence is, or to appreciate it—that they are happier and better off under British super-rule—is beside the point. The instinctive desire for freedom is a natural and inherent passion in almost every human being, even though he or she does not grasp the various political graduations of it.

That the Egyptian people would be more prosperous, more justly and equitably ruled by British-supervised régime might be said as well of some other peoples. It cannot now be advanced as an excuse for non-fulfilment of Britain's solemn promise and engagement that the Nile valley will] "run with blood when British troops withdraw across the Canal." I do not believe that, and I flatter myself that I know Egypt and the Egyptian people well. That for a time there may be a more radical tendency in a Wafdist government; that there may be an increase for a while in corruption; that things will not immediately run as smoothly as they do now is practically certain.

The charge that there are no real leaders in Egypt can be brought against some other countries. The phantom menace of an "invading" Italy, if a few thousand British troops in Cairo can be withdrawn, is no compliment to British prestige or to Britain's power. With all due respect to the Italy of Mussolini, that country is not yet in a position where it can defy the British fleet. France once tried that in Egypt. Moreover, where is the League of Nations, and the Kellogg Pact? And France now suggests a Locarno of the Mediterranean.

That withdrawal across the Canal will encourage the Indian Nationalists is fallacious. The latter do not appear to need any such inspiration. There has been practically no contact between the Wafdists of Egypt and the Nationalists of India. The process of the Egyptian nation learning to govern itself wisely, combining common sense and restraint with energy, initiative, and progress may indeed be a somewhat painful one to Egypt for a time. An active co-operating, sincere, Anglo-Egyptian friendship is what both sides must seek to cultivate in mutual interests, and that will be best done by Britain standing ever ready with advice or help whenever the demand is made upon us.

It is to be hoped that Prime Minister Nahas Pasha will realise that with progressive but not radical legislation, active work not merely debates, the new government, and the new Parliament, will win for itself confidence, not only in Egypt, but abroad as well.

PRIME MINISTER OF EGYPT: Nahas Pasha, who must hold the balance between Imperialism and Nationalism

"BLÜCHER OF MUSCOVY." — Emerging vaguely out of mysterious Russia in a new guise is a personality about whom one hears little except in private letters. It is General Blücher, commander of the Red army in the Far East, the most outstanding military figure in the Soviet forces, sometimes referred to as "The Blücher of the Red Army."

Who is the "Blücher of the Red Army"? I learn that there is now scarcely any doubt but that he is "General Galen," for a time chief military adviser to Chiang Kai-shek, the Chinese nationalist generalissimo, and who was at Hankow with Borodin after his split with Chiang Kai-shek when I was in China in 1927. His real name is alleged to be Wassily Guroff, once a factory worker. A private in the War, he was advanced to rank of sergeant for bravery during the first months of the conflict. For having brought back twenty prisoners with a patrol of three or four men on the Austrian front he was given the soubriquet "Blücher" by his comrades. That appears to have stuck to him, though it is claimed that he has no less than "thirty-two names" under which he has been active. He was wounded in 1916, and on recovery took the name Buroff, began revolutionary activity, and led the masses in several towns and cities.

The Lenin-Trotzky government made him lieutenant. 1918 found him as colonel fighting against Koltchak and Semenoff in Siberia. The defeat, almost annihilation, of a division of Cossacks fighting with the White armies brought him the much-coveted Soviet decoration, the "Order of the Red Flag," and also the attention of the then Red régime in Moscow.

Next he was heard of in Vladivostock as Minister of War of the Far Eastern Siberian Soviet Republic. General Chiang Kai-shek, Chinese Nationalist leader, came to Moscow. The immediate result of that visit was the sending of a Red Russian military mission to China with Borodin as civilian head and Guroff-Bureff-Blücher, now "General Galen," as military adviser, which was in effect the post of Chief of Staff to Chiang Kai-shek, in the civil wars of the South against the Dictator of the North, Chang Tso-lin.

The attempt of Borodin and Galen to turn China into a Communist Republic on Soviet lines brought the break with Chiang Kai-shek, and the eventual expulsion of the Moscow military mission.

Not long after that a Russian General is observed in the entourage of Feng Yu-hsiang, the co-called "Christian" General. His name is Burossow. It is alleged, but never established, that it was Galen, now Blücher. Little was heard of Galen, or Blücher, after he and Borodin left Hankow, following the defeat of Communism in China. When Moscow mobilised a considerable Red army on the Manchurian border last summer, I first heard in Shanghai, and then in Tokio, that the Commander-in-Chief was General Galen, now General Blücher.

THE CHINESE SEE-SAW.—Intrigues add dissensions threaten to break up the private German Military Mission of Advisers in China which General Chiang Kai-shek, President and Commander-in-Chief, brought to Nanking, where last summer I stayed as guest at their headquarters.

It was in no small degree due to the military talent and advice of Colonel Hermann Kriebel of Munich, ex-German General Staff Officer, and to the small air force trained by Ottfried Fuchs of Dessau, Aviation Adviser, that the recent revolts against the Chinese Central Government were so successfully and so quickly put down. Major Baron von Wangenheim, who organised and trained the "model regiment" in Nanking, has been transferred to the Military Academy at Peking, so I hear from China. Colonel de Flemery, the Dutch advisory head of arsenals and ordnance department, has been shifted to Canton. Dr. von Kreitner, formerly of the Austrian police, who has been assisting in organising the Chinese gendarmerie, has been given notice, as have also the European women secretaries in Nanking. An empty Treasury is given as the reason for the dismissals. Several Germans on the staff are planning to leave when their contracts are up,

It was Major Meckel, a German, with less than a score of German non-commissioned officers, who first gave a modern basis to the now-so-efficient Japanese army. It is just as unlikely that the impress made upon select troops of the Chinese National army by the German, Colonel Max Bauer of "Big Bertha" fame, by his successor, Colonel Kriebel, Baron von Wangenheim, Colonel de Flemery, Ottfried Fuchs, and others, will be lost.

It appears that Chiang Kai-shek's bombing squadrons, composed wholly of young Chinese aviators, contributed largely to the defeat of the revolting generals. In one case an entire division of staff was killed by bombs. Even commercials' 'planes were pressed into war service. The revolt at Canton was almost wholly put down by the small air force, letters tell me.

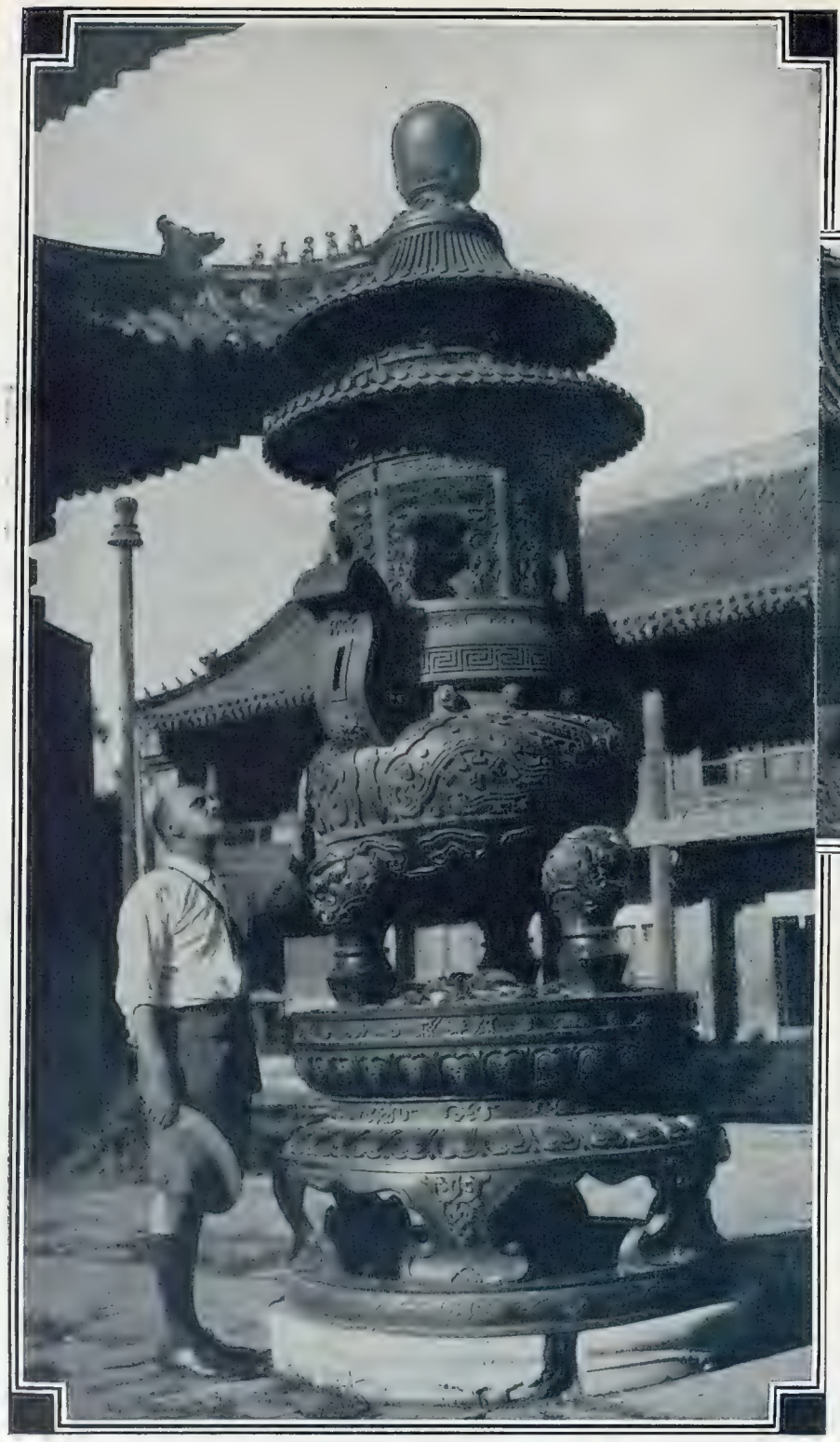
THE RESTLESS RACE.—The coronation of Michael Kwiet as "King Michael II of the Gipsies" at Piastor, near Warsaw, the other day, was officially recognised by President Ignacy Moscicki of Poland, and Dictator Pilsudski. A formal exchange of greetings between Mr. Gayevski, official representative of the Polish Government, and Europe's latest "sovereign," then "King Michael's" assurance of loyalty to the Polish republican state, was followed in turn by declarations of allegiance to the new king from quaintly and colourfully-dressed gipsy delegations who filed before "King Michael" crowned with gold, enthroned beside his consort "queen," Sedra Lubica.

Gipsy "kingdoms" still flourish in all their romance, Romany "kings" and "queens" dispensing unwritten laws of ageless tradition, would seem to hold their glory more securely than many a crowned head of state in these revolutionary days. Lure of a nomad life invests the gipsies with the glamour of the untamed, proudly free. Not too untamed to bow the head and bend the knee at a gesture of the Church, for whose "beloved gipsies" it yearly holds a service to honour black Sara, the patron saint of gipsies. From the uttermost corners of Europe they travel to the little village of Saintes Maries de la Mer in the south of France to share in the only service in the world held primarily for their restless race.

Every year the Archbishop of Ax, gorgeously robed, in full panoply celebrates a sacred rite for the gipsies of the world. Addressing them "My Beloved Gipsies," he begins the unique ceremony for which Romany counts the moons and seasons until the next year.

Czecho-Slovakia is experimenting with a school for gipsy children at Uzhorod, and trylng to civilise thousands of these wanderers whose numbers are a legacy with war-prize territory. The two thousand odd gipsies of Lithuania ruled by "King Arlankas" are said to desire to "settle down." In the course of my own wandering life I have come across many gipsy bands, but not one has expressed the wish to exchange freedom and the open for a roof and backyard.

Seeing the



AN OUTPOST OF MYSTERY: Mr. Lilius appreciates the large bronze urn in the court-yard of the Lama Temple

THE TEMPLE OF THE LIVING DEAD: The Lama Temple, Peking, which yielded its secrets to the ingenuity of Mr. Lilius

About two years ago the fickle Lady Fate demanded my presence in Peking. For months I had followed the victorious Southern Chinese, commonly known as the Cantonese, or Nationalists, and decided that I had had enough of messy beheadings, battles, and lootings of defenceless villages. And somehow I managed to make my way to the capital of all Cathay—Peking.

I had an assignment to cover for my papers in Europe and after an interview with Marshal Chang Tso-lin (who was later bombed to death during his panicky flight to Mukden) I was able to turn to things of my fancy. These consist mostly of a persistent habit of poking my nose into places where the tourist does not go and, when and if he goes, usually sees nothing.

At this particular time I received a cable from my paper requesting a write-up on the well-known Lama Temple of Peking, so I decided not only to visit this mysterious place but also to get my motion picture camera inside and, if possible, obtain one of the first authentic films of the Temple and its inhabitants, the Lamas.

I had been told that these Lamas were a vicious set, and that not so many years ago visitors were not allowed—they had tortured and killed the few unfortunate dare-devils who had risked their lives to get inside the mysterious rose-coloured wall of the Temple. To-day visitors are allowed to certain parts of the Temple, and the admission fee is probably the only income the Lamas have. Large sums used to be paid to the Lamas by the Imperial Household, but the Chinese Emperor and their riches are gone, never to return. The assumption that the Lamas were not over-friendly towards inquisitive photographers was most emphatically endorsed by a local news-reel photographer who had tried to film the annual lamaistic devil dance, but had been treated more than roughly, and had his camera smashed, and his eyes blackened. I was certain that time and diplomacy would win out, and I went to the Lama Temple to reconnoitre, paid my 50 cents and was shown the large bronze urns, the gigantic Buddha, the prayer drums, a collection of Buddha statues of decidedly pornographic nature; was tricked into buying a faked Imperial letter printed on silk, and behaved in every respect like the average sight-seeing ignoramus.

I gave my guide, a Lama, a few coins, and told him that I wanted to have a chat with the Dai Lama, the high priest. Impossible, he could not be disturbed by a foreign devil; it was almost a sacrilege; he stood so much above me and anybody else that he simply would not even deign to look at me, not to mention speaking.

One dollar Chinese money finally did the trick, and the Dai Lama appeared in person surrounded by his staff of lesser lamaistic dignitaries. What did I want?

I wanted to snap a picture of "His Eminence." I expected a cloudburst of indignation, but nothing like that happened. He looked mildly annoyed, and started to discuss the weather with his Staff, while I snapped picture after picture. When he turned to me and said (as far as I could guess) that I could take a few pictures I was already through with him and the brethren. I bowed respectfully and departed.

The next day I had a dozen of each picture printed and mounted and went all the way out to the Temple, where I had another "interview" with the Dai Lama, plus the Staff, and, very much to his surprise, presented him with the snapshots I had taken of him the day before. The old gentleman was very pleased, and the Staff lost its dignity, yelling and laughing over the pictures like noisy children. I had my interpreter now ask the Dai Lama if I could get His Eminence's permission to film the Temple, a few ceremonies, or a service.

Impossible. I was willing to pay. No. Impossible. It seemed that I had struck a wall of obstinacy which even money could not break. I opened my wallet and produced a ten-dollar bill. No, no, no.

I showed the Dai Lama another bill. There. He nodded and reached for the money.

When could I? . . . The following morning at nine o'clock.

The following morning at nine saw a camera man with his Chinese assistant and interpreter ready to attack the mysteries of the Temple.

The Lamas were also ready. The old gentlemen had ordered the monks to dress up, and they were attired in what probably was their very best. They wore a helmet of red and yellow woollen material, its shape not unlike the martial headgear of the old Greeks, and their robes were of colourful yellow, brown, or red cloth. But they were very camera-shy, and covered their faces with their hands or togas. They believe that if the camera steals their features it also steals their souls.

Some of the Lamas had dragged forth the long copper trumpets to blow away the evil spirits that perchance had assembled in the courtyard, and the service, which was held inside the Temple was as beautiful as can be seen or heard even in Rome. The song was weird but melodious, and the voices—metallic, deep, and beautiful—made an unforgettable impression. If only I had been able to record this strange symphony.

The service ended. The monks filed out and the Dai Lama and his assistants passed through the courtyard. At once my Chinese assistant and I were surrounded by the Lamas. They numbered at least two or three hundred. Their outstretched palms told the tale. They wanted money.

"Commshaw, commshaw" . . . they yelled. "Commshaw, commshaw."

I shook my head. No commshaw for them. I had already paid. They came nearer. No commshaw. I tried to make it clear to them. Then one of the infuriated Lama kicked at the tripod supporting the valuable motion picture-camera and it crashed to the ground. My temper boiled over and I got hold of the offender and an unceremonious blow sent him spinning over the courtyard.

Then the free-for-all fight began. It was a glorious fight while it lasted; my khaki shirt was torn to shreds, but the kodak tripod used as a weapon went home every time it swung.

There was a shrill command. It was a very angry Dai Lama who told his disciples what he thought of them and, turning to my Chinese assistant, expressed his regrets over what had happened. I was too mad and short of wind to pay any attention to the pidgin English of my assistant, but I must have said something about the police and what not.

"Dai Lama beg you not to tell anything to the authorities. If this will be known, the Temple and Lamasery would be closed to visitors, and that means the end of the only income the Lamas have."

But I was stubborn. Here was my chance to have the Lamas make concessions, which were otherwise not obtainable. Tell the Dai Lama, I instructed my interpreter, that if I can see the Living Dead, I won't say a word to anybody about the fight.

Personally I did not believe in the story of a Living Dead, supposed to be hidden away in a secret vault in the Temple. Nobody seemed to know

Living Dead

by A. E. LILIUS

The distinguished adventuring journalist, Mr. Aleko E. Lilius, whose enthralling narrative of his exploits with the pirates of Cathay were published in "The Sphere" a few weeks ago, has succeeded in penetrating into the innermost secrets of that ancient civilisation. The mysteries hinted at in "Dr. Nikola" and kindred fantastic novels of remote Tibet are now for the first time revealed as actual and living facts in modern Peking

anything about this phenomenon, but occasionally one heard weird tales of a dead man walking at the command of the Lamas during weird ceremonies held between dawn and midnight. The Dai Lama's face was blank. There seemed to be honest regret in his stare that he could not satisfy my wishes and pacify whatever ill-feelings I harboured against him and his monks. I was almost ready to say "never mind" and tell him to forget everything when another Lama spoke to the old gentleman, who motioned to me to follow.

We passed the still agitated crowd of Lamas, over another courtyard, into a smaller building with three hideous, black Buddha-figures, over another smaller courtyard, then through a long pitch-dark passage, until we stood before a huge door. Here one of the assistants spoke. To my surprise he spoke in better English than that of my own interpreter.

"Master, the Living Dead rests here. Dai Lama says you must promise never to tell to anybody what you are going to see, then maskee, he will show you."

I did not promise, but I nodded affirmatively.

"All right, now you must kowtow. Look, see, kowtow same as we do. Seven times, all the way down to the ground."

First the old man kneeled, then the two other Lamas. Seven times. Then I went down on my knees and felt terribly foolish in knocking my forehead on the stones. But for the sake of the adventure, why not?

Then the English-speaking fellow cautioned me to be absolutely quiet, and the door swung open on well-oiled hinges.

The room was dark. It took several minutes before I became used to the darkness, but finally I discovered a rusty collection of antique arms and religious paraphernalia, such as yellow silk umbrellas, two Sedan chairs, gorgeous long-poled fans, large and smaller drums, copper trumpets, banners, and lanterns. In the middle of the room stood an open coffin, elaborately decorated with red and yellow Chinese characters and dragons. Near by stood an altar with the five sacred vessels; an incense urn, two candle-holders, and two vases holding artificial flowers.

The assistants lit wax candles, and the Dai Lama motioned to me to step nearer to the coffin. I saw a dead man, his face greenish yellow, who wore a long, thin beard. He was dressed in a very elaborate dragon-embroidered yellow gown. I counted the dragons' claws; they were five, which is a sign of Imperial rank. It struck me that this apparently dead man's eyes were not fully closed, and that his eyeballs were glassy. But there were no signs of life, it was a dead man's face, and dust had settled on the whiskers and features.

I had a notion to touch the dead man's hands, to feel if they were cold, but when I reached for them the nearest Lama caught my hand with such force that it continued the downward motion, and for a split second touched the hand of the dead man, enough for me to ascertain that it was cold, icy cold.

The look he gave me was very stern indeed, and I felt foolish and apologetic. I felt as if I had betrayed their trust in me. Not a word was spoken, and when they thought that I had seen enough we walked out into the glaring sunshine. Here we kowtowed again, seven times, and the door was closed.

"Who is he? What is it all about? He is not living, is he? He is dead, stone dead?" These and more questions were poured by me upon the Lama who understood my tongue. But he only shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Once a year, at a certain hour known only to the wise Lamas, he will live. His soul comes down to earth and he is among us."

"When will this happen?"

"Only the Lamas know."

"I wish . . ."

"The Dai Lama will send for."

"What!" I was astonished over this outburst of generosity. "Will he really send for me? I will wait. And I won't tell. When? Soon?"

"Only the Lamas know."

One night during the second week in September last year, at eight o'clock in the evening, there was a knock on my door and a *bonze*, a Buddhist priest, appeared. I had gone to bed. It was simply outrageous that the servants had permitted him to come in without my permission, but his first word calmed me down. I turned on the light and saw to my astonishment my friend, the Dai Lama's English-speaking assistant standing before me.

"Dai Lama has sent me. To-night is the hour when the Dead will live. Take these Chinese garments and dress quickly. The night is dark and we have a long way to go. Hurry." He gave me the bundle and it was like going to a masquerade. I looked like a Chinese, all but the features.

"Never mind the face. The night is dark. Hurry, master."

We were on the street in a few minutes. I hailed two passing rickshaws and reached the Temple wall within an hour. We did not pass through the large front gate, but I was ushered through a small side gate to where four other Lamas appeared and surrounded me without uttering a single word.

At that instant I was certain of foul play. It flashed through my mind that the Lamas probably thought I knew too much and should be disposed of, and that the story of the Living Dead was a ruse. But at the same moment I noticed several lanterns borne by white-clad Chinese, all moving in the same direction. Somehow this quieted me, and the feeling that I was not alone was reassuring. I followed my bodyguard. We proceeded to the large Temple facing the main courtyard, with the huge bronze Buddha, and entered through the right door. The room was full of Lamas, squatting down in long rows on both sides of the middle aisle leading to the altar with the many-armed bejewelled and blackest Buddha I had ever seen.

The room was illuminated with hundreds of candles, and the richly-carved bronze urn near the idol poured out clouds of sweet incense. To the right stood several hundred Chinese all dressed in white. On the opposite side stood, to my great astonishment, a group of women. I did not know that women were ever allowed at any lamaistic ceremonies, and it struck me that perhaps this was such a solemn occasion that an exception had been made. Again, it might have been a secret order meeting.

The Lamas began to sing. The Dai Lama had entered the temple room through the middle door and had lifted the little vase with the sacred peacock feathers as a signal for the song to begin. He was gorgeously attired in a yellow robe, and the rest of the Lamas wore the same Grecian headgear I have described before. There was a crash of cymbals and drums. The song went on for a full fifteen minutes. It was indeed a beautiful litany. It ended very abruptly and dead silence ensued. Nobody dared to stir. The candle-lights flickered and the incense vapours were suffocating.

At the moment I heard a shuffling of feet and a dozen men appeared in the door, carrying between them the heavy coffin, which they deposited in the aisle about 15 ft. from the altar and the Buddha statue. None of the Lamas seemed to have observed the arrival of the men with their ghastly burden; they sat motionless, staring at the floor. I caught a glimpse of the man in the coffin. It was apparently the same Living Dead I had been shown before.

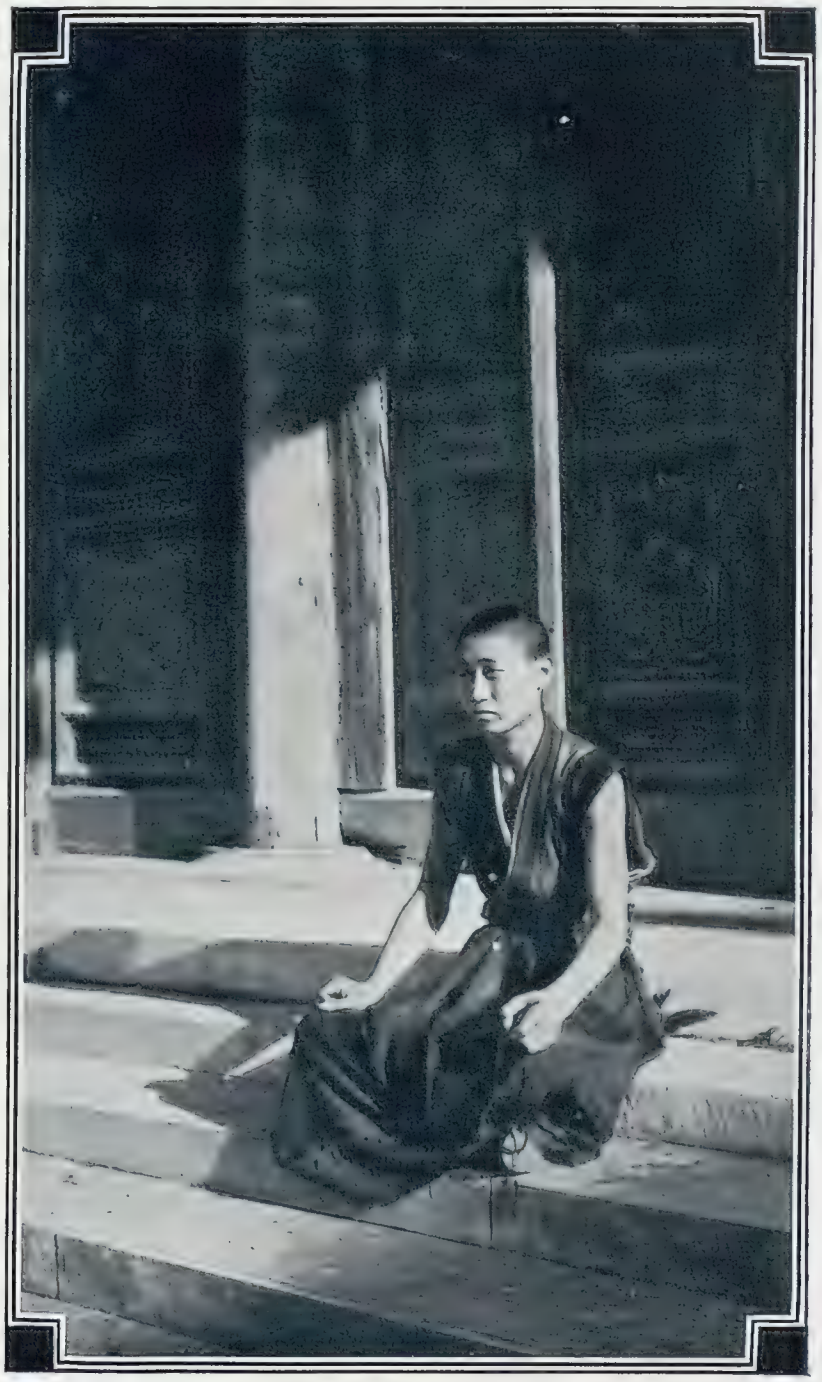
The pall-bearers retired after kowtowing before the coffin, and a drum started to throb softly. Then the Dai Lama took up the song, and in a little while there was the same litany repeated again. It ceased just as abruptly as before, but the Dai Lama continued alone some sort of a sing-song appeal to Buddha or to the dead man in the coffin. He worked himself to a frenzy and finished with a kowtow.

But nothing happened. The dead man in the coffin seemed to stay dead. Dai Lama got up and walked away to the throne erected for him at the end of the aisle. He then gave again the signal for the litany to begin all over.

When the cymbals crashed it looked to me as if the eyelids of the dead man moved. I believed it for a moment to be an illusion, and I even shook my head to get rid of the spell, if it was a spell.

But then the hand moved—very slowly, as if weary unto death. Then it fell back. But it had moved. It was an uncanny feeling to see the corpse perform the bidding of these mysterious priests, sorcerers, or what not. During all this time the silence was almost shrieking, and only the

(Continued on p. 324)



THE KEEPER OF THE GATE: The forbidding entrance to the Temple of Mystery

EUROPE'S *least-known* DICTATOR

Keeping himself always in the background, President Carmona of Portugal, through his "Dictatorship without a Dictator," has brought peace and unity to a nation torn for generations with assassination and political chaos

By W. L. SMYSER

General Antonio Oscar de Fragosa Carmona, President of Portugal, is the least-known Dictator in Europe. Slight of stature, reticent, suave, and silent, he seizes every opportunity of retiring behind the army which he represents. Among his fellow officers who have studied his military treatises in the War College and worked under him at the Cavalry School he enjoys a rare prestige. Some even speak of him with real affection.

Outside the army, among the people, General Carmona is neither loved nor hated, simply because no contact exists between him and them. He has built up no great popular creed, like Fascismo or Communism. He has never made a speech from a balcony. He has never given his proclamations a personal ring. In a Government as arbitrary as that of the Pretorian Guard over Imperial Rome he represents the military man turned statesman, the technician learning a new technique, the guardian of an army's honour attempting to restore that of his shaken country.

The General, in his very first statement, showed how widely his Dictatorship was going to differ from all the others flourishing on the Continent. A series of successful revolutions and the dissolution of a military triumvirate had brought him to the supreme command. The army controlled the country. Parliament had been dissolved. Certain persons were in exile. Strict censorship closed every organ of expression. When, now, he called together the representatives of the press, those assembled came rather fearfully.

The awed representatives of the press were surprised at the serene affability with which they were received. If, as a general, the Dictator wore a uniform on this occasion, it was not flamboyant or overbearing. He made no effort to dominate his guests. He spoke simply, as one man to another, merely outlining the *fait accompli* which they already recognised and, strangely enough, mentioning other men who were associated with him in the new enterprise of government far more often than he mentioned himself. He concluded:

"Gentlemen, Portugal at this moment is under a Dictatorship without a Dictator."

Uma dictadura sem ditador is the secret of the Carmona regime.

The General has a knack of doing things and keeping out of the way. It is absolutely in keeping with his character to have launched a witticism about his cautious regime. When I first heard the story, in Portuguese Guinea, I did not know the man sufficiently to understand this fact, and insisted that the young secretary who related it give me his word of honour as to its authenticity; yet at another time, months after the *coup d'état*, I found during a conversation with the General that his own attitude toward his position amply bore out his earlier words:

"I was at Evora. They came and told me that there had been a revolution and that there was need of me. I went at once to Lisbon, and formed with General Gomes de Costa and Comandante Mendes Cabaçadas a new Government. I was a soldier. The army had been my unique interest. Indeed I am here because the army had to take control of the country. I stand for the army . . . that is all."

The phrase *uma dictadura sem ditador* has become a classic throughout the Iberian Peninsula. It expresses so perfectly the peculiar atmosphere which President Carmona has created about his office. It explains so well why political assassination, which until his advent in in 1926 had been the universal reward of Portugese statesmen for a generation, has not been invoked. It represents so fully a system which is consolidated to go on in spite of bullets and bombs, a system based first upon unity within the army and then upon unity within the nation, first upon a coherent and conservative programme, and then upon realisation and solvency.

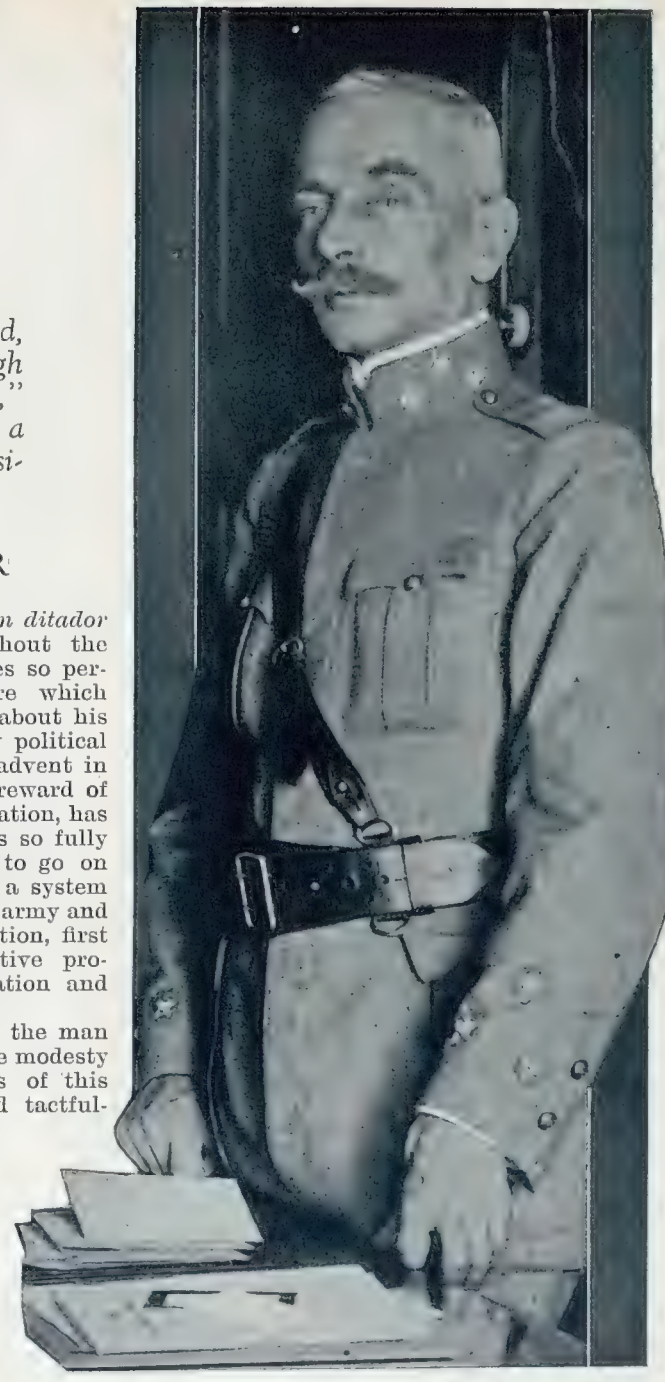
But it expresses best of all the man Carmona. It is a confession of the modesty and other non-military virtues of this officer. With his quiet wit and tactfulness he has held together the most turbulent army outside the Balkans, and imposed upon a people more individualistic than the Irish a regime of benevolent but absolute despotism.

From the first President Carmona has done everything that he could do to make his play upon words appear the expression of a fact. Never has Dictator so laboured to sweeten the bitter pill of autocracy. With astuteness he has surrounded himself with dominant figures. Every member of his Cabinet he has exalted as if the man represented Parliamemtary choice and a constituency. And he himself has kept behind.

The self-effacement which one reads in President's Carmona's public actions is legible also in his face and carriage. Although well-proportioned, he appears almost fragile. He is inclined to stoop slightly forward, with a polished deference which is misleading. One must not mistake this for timidity, or interpret the pauses in his conversation for hesitation. He frequently stops in order to select exactly the phrase which best conveys his meaning. Exactitude and a sharpness of definition mark his every gesture. The fineness of his face and hands has been carried nearly to delicacy, yet in their lines there is the characteristic element of decision.

The face is that of a strategist. Small, pinched, and shrewd, it is so modelled as to accentuate by prominent cheek-bones and dark brows the deep well of the eyes. Here the spirit of the man has its being. These eyes, sharp and sparkling, never at rest, belie their owner's self-effacement. They suggest that it is policy. They reveal a something imperious, a power of calculation and of action which do not enter into a *dictadura sem ditador*. Bristling out whimsically, the brows are those of a humorist, one who might launch a clever paradox for the sake of the jest. Again, the moustache, trim it as he will, refuses to be subdued. Like the eyes, it betrays character.

There can be no doubt that in the present state of affairs in Portugal the General has adopted the only policy calculated to succeed. Since the assassination of Dom Carlos in 1903, the revolution against his son, and the subsequent abortive attempt to create a republic, there had been no rest in the land.



THE UNKNOWN DICTATOR: General Antonio Carmona, President of Portugal

Tammany Hall, in all its glory, contained no politicians more infamous than the Portuguese bosses. When General Carmona came into power his first task was to break the professional politician.

Far more original danger than the political parasite is the revolutionary parasite. Portugal in 1920 resembled an Italian city state at the time of the Renaissance.

"Revolution," the President once said, "had become a career like any other. There were certain groups in the city who could provide at any time for a round sum any number of resolute scoundrels ready to be armed and sent out against any opponent.

"Most vicious of all, revolution had become to such an extent an institution that many civilians, who were so numerous that in the end one had to invent a name for them and call them the *Revolucionarios Civis*—Lay Revolutionaries—joined themselves to the armed forces . . . or pretended to join themselves to the armed forces . . . whenever there was a *coup d'état*. These adventurers were unfortunately recognised by the first Republic after it had driven out Dom Manuel II, and they received a more than adequate compensation "for their services." By refusing to recognise them in 1926 I hope that we have now rid ourselves of them. They were a symptom of the political illness which we are trying to cure."

General Carmona always says "We" instead of "I." He is the one Dictator in Europe who abhors the exploitation of his own individuality.

LAND *of the* RISING SUN.

A Survey of Japanese Activities, Social, Traditional, Political, and Commercial

FIRE FIGHTERS OF TOKIO: Japanese firemen parade before the Imperial Palace in honour of the Mikado. The equipment *in use* is modern

BRIDAL GIFTS: The impedimenta of Miss Kikuko Tokugawa, who married Prince Takamatsu, the brother of the Emperor Hirohito, early this month, were taken by motor-lorry to the bride-groom's temporary palace, Shiba, Tokio.

TO DETERMINE THE POLICY OF A FATEFUL RAILWAY: The conference concerning the policy of the South Manchurian Railway held at the Premier's residence, Kojimachi, Tokio

A JAPANESE ELECTIONEER: The Parliamentary Election campaign was started immediately after the dissolution of the (57th) Session of the Imperial Diet. M. Takeshi Inukai, leader of the Seiyu-Kai (left wing) with a candidate's poster at the H.Q. of the party, Kojimachi, Tokio

LEARNING THEIR A.B.C.: A class of school-children learning to write the tortuous script peculiar to the country

FEZZAN RE-OCCUPIED.

Italy Consolidates Her Overseas Empire, First Conquered in 1913 but Allowed to Slip Away Owing to the Supervention of the War

NATIVE TROOPS OF ITALY: The Ascaris on the march. They are to Tripolitania what the Sikh and Gurkha regiments are to Britain. They fought many skirmishes in the recent operations

OWING ALLEGIANCE TO ROME: Typical Askaris of the Libyan desert. In 1914 the native troops began to desert the colours but Fascismo rallied them back to their allegiance

BATTLESHIPS OF THE DESERT: An Irregular Camel Force. On January 26, the Italian flag was hoisted at Murzuk, the capital, Marshal Badoglio, Governor of Tripolitania, being present at the ceremony. In 1913 Murzuk was captured by Colonel Miani and has only just been re-occupied

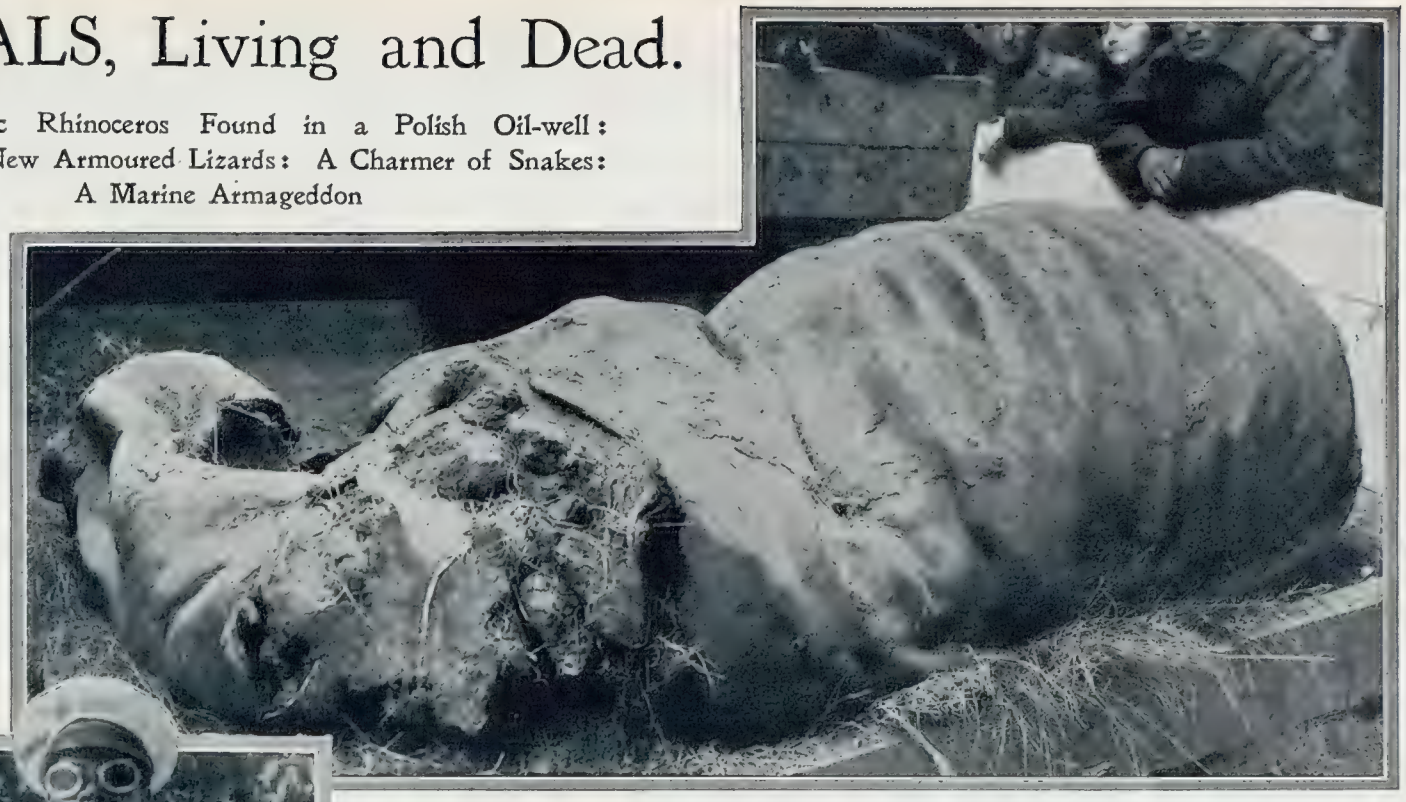
"WATER WATER EVERYWHERE": Natives of the Libyan Desert near Murzuk abandoned early in the Italian retreat in 1914 when the Askaris began to desert

DEFENCES OF THE DESERT: Italian troops re-occupy the forts of the Libyan Desert near Murzuk they won in 1913 and abandoned in 1914, now to be held until further notice

It has been a point of honour with the Fascist Government to reconquer Fezzan. Although Murzuk has in recent years lost some of its importance as a trading centre owing to the diversion of the trade of the Sudan to other routes, it is hoped to revive, at least in part, its once flourishing markets. A reward for Fascism's imperial enterprise.

ANIMALS, Living and Dead.

A Prehistoric Rhinoceros Found in a Polish Oil-well: The Zoo's New Armoured Lizards: A Charmer of Snakes: A Marine Armageddon



On right:

In the Oil-district of Starunia, Poland, in the strata of an old, disused pit, in the oily ground, a diluvial Rhinoceros (Coelodontus antiquitatis) was found, wonderfully preserved by the petroleum. Dr. Panow, Custos of the Polish Academy of Sciences at Cracow, to which the remains were taken, describes it as a unique find, since the animal's hair all over the body has also been preserved.

A PREHISTORIC RHINO FOUND IN A POLISH OIL-SHAFT

The prehistoric rhinoceros was found in an Ozokerite (or Parafin Wax) Shaft in Starunia, near Solotwina, in the district of Borodczany, Poland, the shaft being 14 m. deep, and the cutting in a horizontal direction about 5 m. from the centre of the shaft. The shaft is the same as the one that the mammoth in 18 m. and the rhinoceros in 21 m. depths were found in some twenty years ago. All these animals were found within a radius of not more than 5 m. About 2 m. above the rhinoceros that is now being unearthed there were found the remains of another mammoth, consisting of ribs, skin with the hair on, and the knee and knee-ball and minor parts. Some two years ago, moreover, a peasant discovered the tusk of a mammoth about 4 feet long in a perfect state of preservation, about 500 yards from the shaft. It showed as clean a marking of ivory as if it had just come off a live elephant. This find would indicate that this part of Starunia is infested with carcases of these animals. A fresh 4 m. by 4 m. shaft is being dug on behalf of the Cracow Academy, above the animal, wherein it can be raised without damaging the carcase. No doubt if they deepen the shaft, after the recovery of this rhinoceros, they will find others. The animal lay on its back with its legs sticking up, and the belly filled out, as if it had just dropped there and gone to rest.

THE CHARMER OF SNAKES: **Johannes, a famous native of Africa, handling puff-adders. He wears leather leggings, gloves, and glasses. He has been bitten twelve times, and has been cured on each occasion by an injection of serum**

A SCALY HANDFUL: **Among recent arrivals to the London Zoo are five armoured and spiked lizards from South Africa. Despite their heavy armour-plate they are tiny, as may be seen from the picture above showing them in their keeper's hand**

FOUR TONS OF FIGHTING FURY: **Gigantic sea elephants staged an impromptu but deadly battle in Bimini Plunge, Los Angeles, recently. The frantic owners of the valuable animals sent an alarm for the fire department, which assisted in draining the tank and lassooing the warring combatants. Valued at 5,000 dollars each, the animals had but recently been captured**

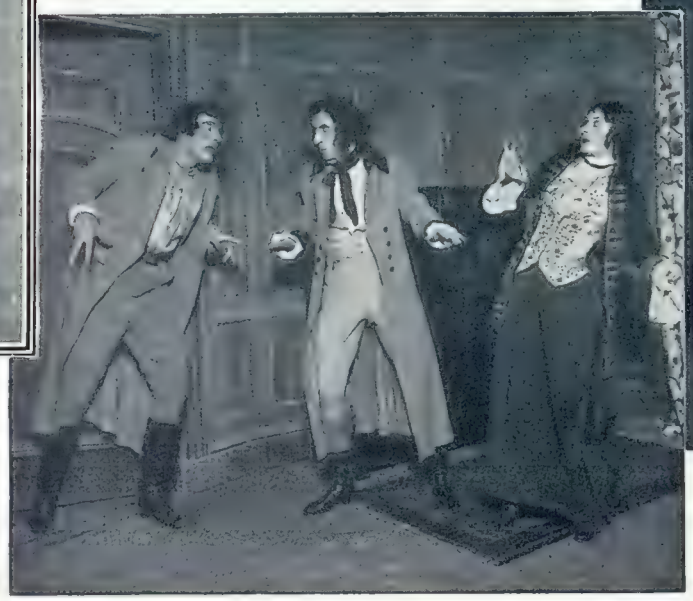
A SURVEY of the STAGE.

Special "Sphere" Pictures taken with a Rapid Camera at the Gaiety and a Pictorial Review of Some Notable Productions in the West End

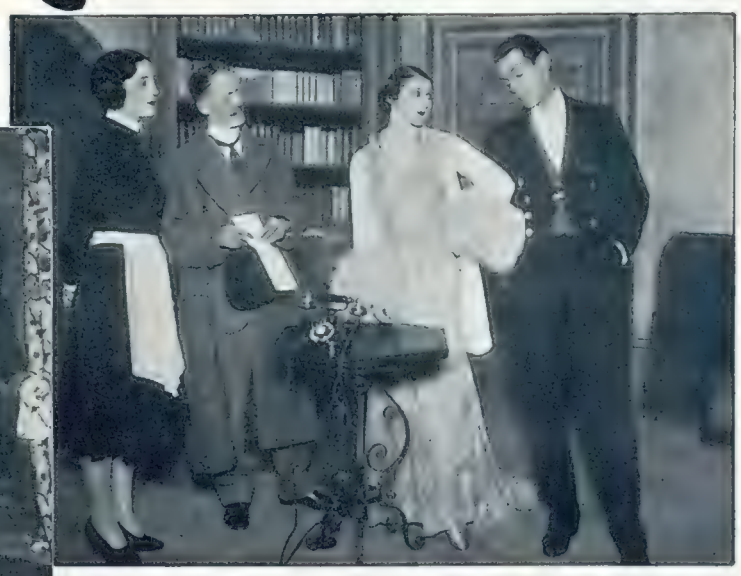
"NOT SO GOOD IN THE MORNING": Messrs. Frederick Burtwell, Charles Groves, Edward Scott-Gatty, and James Raglan in the revival of "French Leave."

AN ENTRANCE—AND AN EXIT: Messrs. Raglan, Scott-Gatty, and Laughton, in "French Leave." The last is being temporarily replaced by Mr. Eille Norwood

THE CAUSE OF ALL THE TROUBLE: Miss Madeleine Carroll, in "French Leave," revived after a decade. Revivals are quite the order of the day at the moment, for "Milestones" at the Criterion, and "Dandy Dick" at the Lyric, Hammersmith, are both successful



A MAN-MADE MAN SEES A WOMAN FOR THE FIRST TIME: A tense scene from the thriller at the Little, "Frankenstein," Peggy Webling's dramatisation of Mary Wollstonecraft, Shelley's classic



STILL IN POSSESSION——OF THE AMBASSADORS! Miss Ann Codrington, Mr. Stafford Hilliard, Miss Isabel Jeans, and Mr. Raymond Massey

Special "Sphere" Picture

THE "DUDE" COMEDY AT THE GAIETY: A scene in "Darling, I Love You!" which is starring Mr. George Clarke, who has not been seen in London since "Palladium Pleasures." Above are seen Mr. Frank Freeman, Miss Vera Lennox, and Mr. Harold French. ***Above in centre*** are Mr. Hamilton Deane as the Monster, Mr. Henry Hallatt as Frankenstein, and Miss Kathleen Grace as Emilie, in "Frankenstein" at the Little Theatre

Special "Sphere" Picture

TAKEN BY A NEW CAMERA: A scene at the Gaiety showing Miss Ella Logan and Mr. Neil McKay with the chorus. This and the picture on the left were taken from the front of the house by a special "Sphere" rapid camera. They are quite remarkable for their clarity and vividness

A STRANGE CLUB

Parachuting—the Necessary Handmaid of Modern Aeronautics

By C. G. GREY

(Editor of "The Aeroplane")

One of the quaintest associations in the world is that known as the Caterpillar Club. It has no organisation of any kind, the honorary secretary is an officer in the U.S. Army Air Corps, and the only qualification for membership is that the member shall have saved his life by descending in a parachute from an aeroplane in which he would otherwise probably have been killed.

The badge of membership is a gold caterpillar on a pin. The caterpillar is no ordinary caterpillar—he is a silkworm, and he has been chosen as the badge because parachutes are made of silk. Just as the secretaryship is purely voluntary, so the badges are voluntary, in that they are a gift from Mr. Leslie Irvin, the inventor of the type of parachute which is most commonly used in the flying services of nearly all nations.

The idea of the club originated in the United States where parachutes were a standard Service issue before they were adopted as such by any other nation. But the activities of the Caterpillar Club are now International. And membership is not confined to those whose lives have been saved by Mr. Irvin's own particular parachute.

The art of parachuting is now taught regularly in the Royal Air Force, and though parachute jumping is not compulsory, every R.A.F. pilot rather makes it a point of honour to have done at least one parachute jump. Which is wise, as a way of getting used to the feel of a parachute in case of emergency.

In this country we have a smaller number of members of the Caterpillar Club in proportion to the amount of flying done than in any other because we can rightly claim that our aeroplanes are better made than those of other countries, and on the whole our pilots are more skilful, so fewer of our machines break or catch fire in the air and force the pilots to use their parachutes. So the fact that there are thirty holders of the caterpillar badge in this country gives some indication of the number of lives which have been saved by parachutes.

The most common cause of enforced parachute jumps is the testing of new types of aeroplanes. One of the jobs of a test pilot is to find out how much a given machine will stand without breaking. And another is to try to discover why certain things in certain aeroplanes have gone wrong, or why certain machines have got out of control. Now that pilots have confidence in their parachutes, the way they will deliberately force their machines beyond what they know is the safety limit to find out their weak spots is amazing.

Once in a while such tests do cause a fatal accident. In all countries there have been instances of pilots who have dived past the breaking-point and have had the wings break back over the cockpit in such a way that they have been unable to get out with their parachutes. But happily almost always the pilot has got away safely, and has regarded the whole thing rather as a joke. Even if the affair did not seem so amusing to him at the time, he has found something funny about it afterwards.

For instance, not so very long ago a test pilot was diving a machine hard to try to discover why, at certain speeds, the tail set up a vibration which threatened to pull it off. In doing so he pulled the rudder off his machine, and promptly stepped overboard with his parachute.

The machine came to the ground long before he did. And afterwards he learned that a thoroughly up-to-date woman in the neighbourhood, seeing the crash, dashed to the nearest telephone and telephoned to the nearest newspaper office to tell all about it. The man in the newspaper office naturally asked, "Is the pilot killed?" And the enterprising lady answered, "Oh, no, he is still in the air with his parachute?" Quick work, was it not?

Sometimes pilots come up against quite curious problems in the air. One pilot recently, flying a very ordinary standard training machine, found that something had gone wrong with the controls, with the result that the machine spun round and round in the air with an irregular flail-like motion. It came down comparatively slowly, but it was quite out of control, and would obviously have crashed badly when it did hit the ground. So after giving up hope of getting it under control he decided to quit.

When he tried to do so he found that he had the greatest difficulty in heaving himself out of his seat He tried to get over the side, and every time the machine flicked round he found himself shot back again. So he got himself out by stages. First he got his head and shoulders on the edge of the cockpit, then he got out as far as his waist, and the next time, as the machine gave its flick, he was shot away from it like a stone from a sling—which after all was rather fortunate, because as the machine was spinning round so irregularly, if he had dropped straight out of it and opened his parachute, the machine might very well have spun on to the top of the parachute. As it was he was thrown away horizontally, and the parachute began to open while he was still nearly level with the machine.

Yet another rather curious affair was that of two men in an experimental machine, one piloting it and the other making official observations of its performance. Something which could not be explained happened to the machine which caused it to get its nose up in the air and its tail down and stop in that position. The engine kept on pulling, but could not pull the tail up, and the machine refused to fall over sideways into a spin. When the engine was shut off it merely tried to slide down backwards.

There was quite a considerable argument between the pilot and the official observer about what they ought to do. For the crew to abandon an aircraft which has cost the Government a good many thousands of pounds is very nearly as bad as for a captain to abandon his ship when there is still a chance of her being salved. However, after they had both tried everything that could be done with the machine to get it under control again, they finally decided that the only thing to do was to get out and walk. So the pilot sent his observer overboard first, then shut off his engine, and went over the side himself. And both got down unhurt some time after the machine had distributed itself thoroughly over the ground below.

In America one of the commonest reasons for using a parachute is when a mail-carrying aeroplane runs into a thick fog over country where the pilot knows that he cannot get the machine down safely, and where he is in danger of running into mountains, and at the same time is forced by shortage of petrol or by engine failure to make a landing of some sort.

What the pilot generally does then is to switch off his engine and come down in a parachute himself, leaving the machine and the mails to crash. The famous Charles Lindbergh twice saved his life in a parachute this way when flying as a mail pilot.

Here our air-line pilots do no night-flying, and all our mails are carried on passenger machines so they are not flown except when the weather is fit for passenger flying. Consequently the Caterpillar Club does not acquire civilian members in this country in this way. But there have been instances in which Service pilots have been forced to abandon their machines for similar reasons.

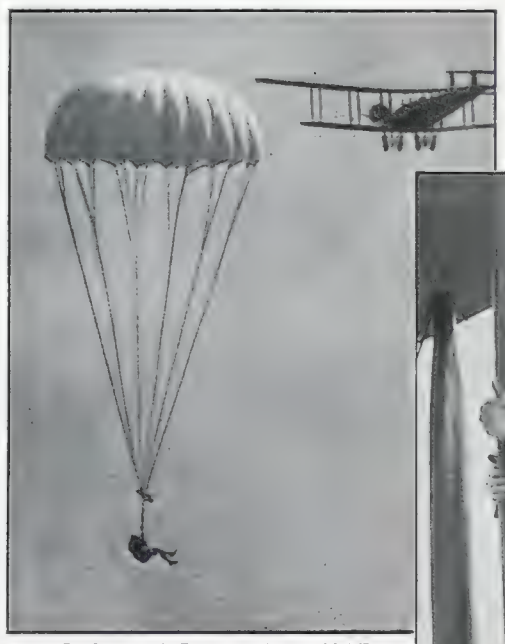
The comic side of parachuting showed up in an accident in which two machines collided. Although the wings were badly smashed both pilots managed to get out with their parachutes. One machine crashed on to the roof of a house and did some damage, another fell into a garden, just missing a house, and caught fire, and nobody was hurt, One pilot came down without incident in an open space, the other fell into an enclosed piece of ground in which was a large heap of scrap iron. If he hadfallen on to it he would certainly have been badly cut and might quite easily have banged his head on something solid and have been killed.

As he neared the ground, drifting along with a pretty smart breeze, he saw an old woman, apparently carrying a basket of eggs, walking across this patch of ground just about where he was going to land. Being a fairly hefty youth and not wishing to slay the old lady, he shouted that particularly far-carrying monosyllable, "Oi." The old lady looked round at the voice but the idea of looking up apparently did not strike her.

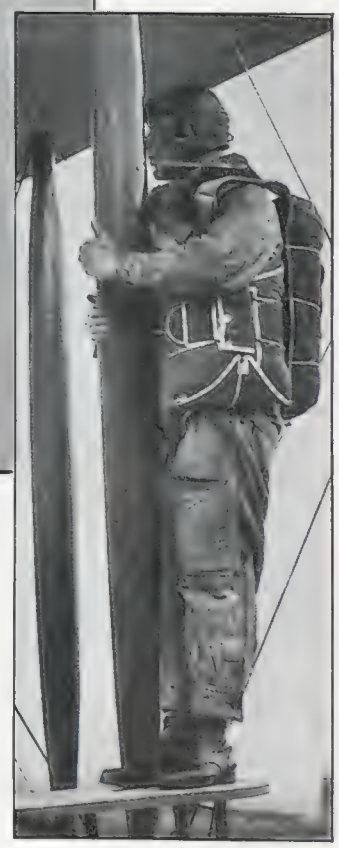
Seeing that she was still in his way, the pilot again shouted "Oi," nearer and louder. This time the old lady looked up, saw what looked like a huge umbrella of silk with a thing rather like a bald teddy bear (such is the effect of a Sidcot flying suit) hanging off the end of it, dropped her basket, picked up her skirts, and ran like a rabbit. And even then she only just escaped being wrapped in the folds of the parachute as it collapsed when the pilot landed.

No doubt if one could collect the stories of the other twenty-four British members of the Caterpillar Club there would be much humour to be got out of them also. But the great thing is that so many valuable lives have been saved in this way. So far, although there have been so many thousands of parachute drops done by officers and men of the Royal Air Force, and by quite a number of civilian aviators in this country, we have never yet had an instance of a parachute failing to open.

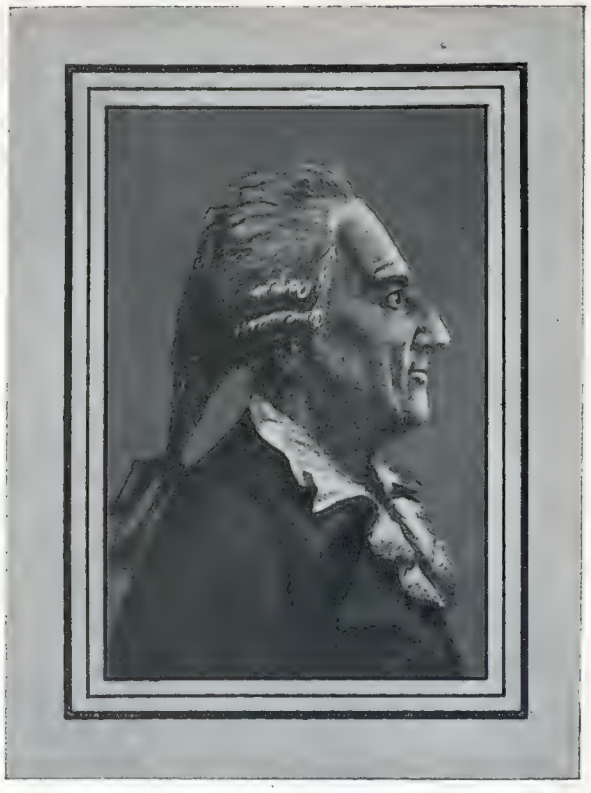
PARACHUTE INSPECTION: Both these parachutes are being worn by the aviators in the sitting position —i.e. the aviator sits on the package during the flight of the 'plane



FROM A LOW ALTITUDE: Major Orde Lees, the "Parachute Major," makes a descent from only 500 ft.



POISED PRECARIOUSLY: A parachutist in position on the wing-tip of his 'plane just before taking off



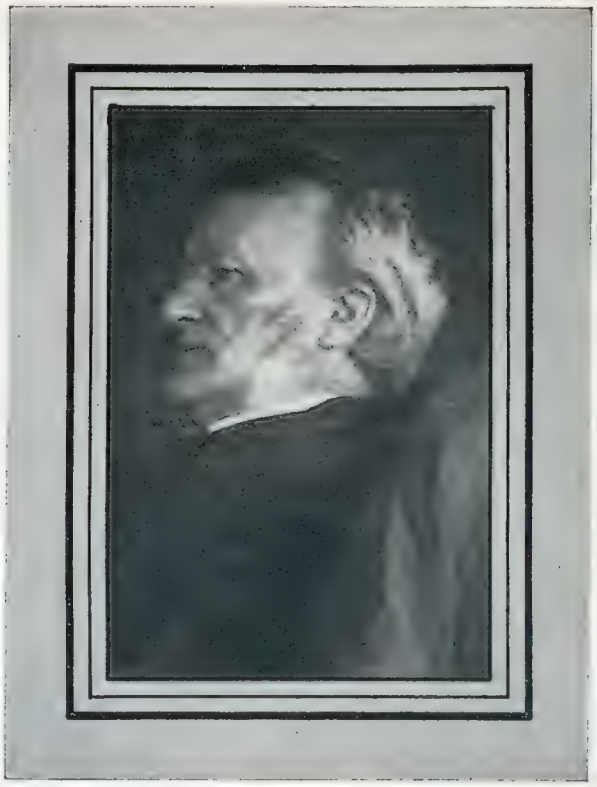
WHO SACRIFICED AMBITION TO LOVE: Jacques Casanova de Seingalt

BOOKS

The ARTIST in LOVE

By JAMES LAVER

Wagner, Casanova, Sand, and an anti-American Satire



WHO SACRIFICED LOVE TO AMBITION: Richard Wagner, master musician

Casanova was not what is usually meant by an artist and many would deny that he was ever in love, but he put almost his whole life in the pursuit of women, and the fag-end of it in the composition of his memoirs, a masterpiece of lively narrative and skilful arrangement. A new edition of Arthur Machen's English version, selected and edited with connecting links by G. D. Gribble, has just been issued (Routledge), and presents in a comely pair of volumes as much as the general reader wants. It is remarkable with what art the old scoundrel contrives that the tale of seductions shall never grow tiresome, and he is still read not only for his adventures but for his truly brilliant picture of life in eighteenth-century Europe. He lived long enough to see the French Revolution and the end of almost everything he cherished. His old-fashioned courtliness, his obsolete dancing, his demoded garb came to be laughed at, and he looked back regretfully to more picturesque times. He knew Rome and Naples, Paris and Potsdam, Constantinople and Georgian London, and wherever he went he occupied himself in the same fashion. His hunger for women took him everywhere, and no situation was too black for him to make the most of his opportunities. What wordly success he had, and from time to time it was considerable, he used for the same supreme object. The Church, the Army, fiddling, poetizing, gambling, swindling, all were only means to an end, and the memoirs themselves were composed more for the sake of re-living his amatory triumphs than for any purely literary reason. Such unappeased curiosity in love savours of fanaticism, and Casanova was, in a not quite contemptible sense, passion's martyr, for he sacrificed everything to it—comfort, worldly possessions, and a serene old age.

Wagner is the complete contrast. He loved many women but they were nearly all serviceable to him. If they were not wealthy themselves they had wealthy husbands, and it seems at times as if Wagner had only one object in view, the financing of his operas, and regarded the seduction of a wife as the necessary preliminary. These are, of course, matters of acute controversy, and the present volume, *The Truth About Wagner*, by Philip Dutton Hurn and Waverley Lewis Root (Cassell), is anything but a dispassionate statement. There is indeed a partisan, not to say cocky, tone about it which must make the judicious grieve, but it is inspired by the chivalrous desire to vindicate Wagner's first wife, Minna, from the aspersions of his second wife, Cosima. The facts of the case are gradually emerging. It was under the eye of Cosima that Wagner's official autobiography was published, and this work was doctored and arranged in order to make it appear that Minna was a tiresome housewife, the millstone round the neck of struggling genius, while Cosima was both guardian angel and all the muses rolled into one. Every effort was made to destroy conflicting evidence, but fortunately Natalie, Minna's illegitimate child, kept back a great many letters and other documents in spite of Wagner's threat to cut off her allowance. Mrs. Burrell, the Wagner collector, at last won her confidence, and the mass of material was handed over.

Even allowing for the zeal of the advocate, *The Truth About Wagner* is an appalling picture of the depths to which a great man could sink. He was a shameless borrower, with or without the aid of adultery, and to refuse him money put an end at once to any pretended intimacy. He is the standing proof of what egotism can do restrained by no hint of moral scruple or lack of confidence. In person he was unprepossessing, "looking like one of his own gnomes," but women seemed to forget his appearance in the blaze of his notoriety. He used women as he used his friends, and the first woman to use *him* was Cosima. That is the present author's chief indictment. Cosima did not give him security; she joined him (permanently) when the favour of the King of Bavaria already made his position sure. She inspired him to no new works, but simply basked in the glory of those that had been composed in Minna's time. What a woman! And what a man! Just as Casanova sacrificed everything, even ambition, to "love," so Wagner sacrificed everything, even "love," to ambition. They are frightening, these fanatics.

It is a relief to turn to one in whom the threads of love and art were inextricably woven and who never exploited one for the sake of the other. Both were as natural as breathing. *The Letters of George Sand*, selected and translated by Veronica Lucas, with an introduction by Elizabeth Drew (Routledge), picture a woman to whom love and writing were all-absorbing passions, but (unlike the male egotists we have been considering) to her love meant giving, and writing, trying at least to do good. It is the fashion to laugh at her on both counts. Her novels have not worn very well, and some of her love affairs are (to speak truth) slightly ridiculous. But she did know something of the human heart and she sums up this matter of love and the artist very happily in one of her letters to Flaubert.

"I do not believe," she says, "in these Don Juans who are Byrons at the same time. Don Juan did not write poems, and Byron, according to all accounts, was not successful at love-making. He must at times . . . have known complete ecstasy of the heart, soul, and senses; he knew enough of it to be a love-poet. For the vibration of our heart-strings we do not need more. The perpetual friction of little appetites would break them?"

The perpetual friction of little appetites is the theme of Riccardo Bacchelli's indictment of America in the novel, *Love Town*, translated by Orlo Williams (Duckworth). It is a somewhat imaginary America, satirised from the superior Latin, ultra-Catholic standpoint, but the shots go near enough. It is a strangely constructed book with two beautifully-handled love episodes in France and Italy, but the great part of the action takes place in a super-pleasure resort built for every kind of sex-maniac—Love Town, where no true lover can live. It was a nice touch to make the Freudian professor unsuccessful there, for in the absence of all repression, no one wanted the vicarious satisfactions they had to offer. For those who like horrors there is the ghastly episode of the German voluptuary who lived on the blood of young men.

Cannibal Coryton, by G. P. Robinson (Duckworth), reeks with blood, and the savage orgies and human sacrifices are made more repugnant by a certain undergraduate facetiousness which leaves the reader surprised that Mr. Robinson has had time to write so many previous books. Most of us have got beyond the stage when we thought castration funny. Those who wish for a picture of savage life would do better to turn to Mrs. C. Cole's *Savage Gentlemen* (Harrap), which gives an authentic account of her long stay in the Philippine Islands. Mrs. Cole and her husband are serious ethnologists, and they both showed an enviable faculty of making friends with the head-hunting tribes and of understanding the workings of the savage mind. The photographs are excellent.

Good photographs of native life are also to be found in André Gide's *Travels in the Congo*, translated by Dorothy Bussy (Knopf). The famous French author was sent on an official mission as far as Lake Chad, and used his influence to get the inhabitants better treatment at the hands of the exploiting companies. It is pleasant to find him paying a tribute to the British traders.

There is only space to mention a book illustrations from which have already appeared in THE SPHERE. Richard Halliburton's *New Worlds to Conquer* (Geoffrey Bles) is an account of his experiences on Devil's Island.

A LITERARY M.P. ACTS THE PART OF GUY FAWKES: Col. Buchan, M.P., in a play on Guy Fawkes, written by Miss Alice Buchan, the noted M.P.'s daughter

briefly recommended

Madame de Maintenon, by *Maud Cruttwell*. (Dent. 15s. net.)—The prison-born uncrowned Queen of the Grand Monarque, stigmatised as royal in nothing and only a hypocritical prude, is revealed in a notable work as something of a saint.

Adventure, by *Major-General J. E. B. Seely*. (Heinemann. 21s. net.)—War Office, Colonial Office, lifeboat crew, Military Reserve, these are some of the fields in which the author has made himself felt. There are others, equally diverse, equally interesting.

An Autograph Collection by *Lady Charnwood*. (Benn. 15s. net.)—The first authoritative book by a first-class collector. In addition to advice, a number of transcripts from the author's collection make fascinating reading.

Christopher Columbus, by *Jacob Wassermann*. (Secker. 10s. 6d. net.)—A human hero who triumphed alike over circumstance and his own weaknesses, described with insight, sympathy, and a refreshing lack of adulation.

Clemenceau, by *Jean Martet*. (Longmans. 25s. net.)—A spoken biography: A record of conversations between the statesman and his secretary. It should cause a fluttering in the dovecotes for the Tiger's strokes were barbed—and sometimes poisoned.

Lorenzo the Magnificent, by *David Loth*. (Routledge. 15s net.)—Florence at its zenith; a gigantic impresario who sought Beauty in many forms and then showed them to the world. Just as "magnificent" a book as Lorenzo was a prince.

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The FABIANS Rule BRITAIN.

After Forty-six Years of Street-corner Debating and Persistent Pamphleteering, a Handful of Socialists Find Themselves, through the Labour Party, Leading Actors on the Political Stage

By HAROLD CALLENDER

G.B.S. *here seen in his early youth: G.B.S. says that the Fabians could not wait for personal perfection. They broke away from an ethical society which had this as an ideal—a vital cleavage*

Before an audience that filled a large hall in Kingsway one night recently, a tall man with a big head, a thin voice, and a dry humour introduced Professor H. J. Laski, who dealt with the House of Commons in a brilliant but very disrespectful manner and disposed summarily of the House of Lords by prescribing its abolition. The tall man was Lord Sankey, the Lord High Chancellor, who holds the highest judicial office in the kingdom and consequently bears the traditional designation of "Keeper of the King's Conscience." He was presiding at a lecture of the Fabian Society, which for nearly half a century has devoted itself assiduously to the task of abolishing—very gradually and gently and judiciously—the present social system.

Next to the Lord Chancellor sat a benign-looking patriarch whose black suit accentuated the snowy whiteness of his hair and beard. He sits there at all the Fabian lectures, and the last one of the series he delivers himself. On this particular evening he said not a word; but at the close of the lecture he leaned over the edge of the platform and helped collect the questions, written on odd-sized bits of paper, which were passed up from the audience to the Lord Chancellor, who carefully smoothed out each sheet before giving it to the lecturer.

This venerable revolutionary was George Bernard Shaw. He happens (incidentally) to be the most renowned of living dramatists, and as he sat upon the Fabian platform his latest play was being presented to a full house in the West End. But, as he himself has put it, he got his start in Hyde Park with a cart and a trumpet—that is, as a soap-box orator—and he likes the fact to be remembered. Shaw was an ardent Fabian long before he won distinction as a playwright; he still is a Fabian and he can seldom quite forget it, even when writing a play. He doubtless has devoted more time during the last fifty years to writing devastating pamphlets and to making Socialist speeches in all the corners of London than he has devoted to writing plays. One sometimes suspects that he wrote his plays largely for the purpose of attaching to each one a sort of Fabian tract in the form of a long preface, and he probably is actually more proud of his essays on Jevon's theory of value, and of such *chefs d'œuvre* as Fabian Tract No. 116 (entitled "Fabianism and the Fiscal Question") than he is of being the author of *Candida*.

So this genial veteran sits in Kingsway Hall, not as G. B. S., the successful dramatist, but as G. B. S., the successful Fabian—as one of the brilliant pioneers in a long intellectual and political tussle which has made it possible for a Labour Government to take office in Great Britain. Old Fabians remember the time, forty years ago, when Shaw was greeted with a rain of stones and bottles as he mounted his soap-box in London streets; to-day he sits beside the "Keeper of the King's Conscience," and thousands pay to hear him speak, while many come just to see him sitting there.

At the entrance to the hall a bookstall offers an array of books and pamphlets—Fabian tracts, Shaw's plays, biographies of Kingsley, Owen, Morris, Ruskin, Bentham, and Mill, even a book of Socialist songs. Among them is a volume entitled *The Decay of Capitalist Civilisation*, written a few years ago by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, two of the most noted of the Fabians. Sidney Webb, the sage of British Socialism, now sits in the House of Lords with title of Lord Passfield, and as Secretary of State for the Dominions and Colonies administers a good share of the Empire, though his wife, a distinguished Fabian who for decades has enjoyed a singular political influence, has declined the honour of becoming a peeress.

After forty-six years of patient, persistent pamphleteering of debates and reports on all manner of social questions, the Fabians have at last come into power. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that the British Empire is governed just now by Fabians. A former Fabian is Prime Minister, and twenty members of the Fabian Society hold posts in the present Government, eight of them being in the Cabinet proper. In the Fabian lectures this winter, which were presented under the general title, "Social Evolution: the Next Ten Years," one sensed an air of confidence which seemed to say, "The next decade belongs to us and it is time to consider what we are going to do with it."

The Fabians are the encyclopædists of British Socialism. They have done the library-grubbing and the manifesto-making for the Labour Party. They have compiled car-loads of statistics and drawn up hundreds of reports and programmes. They have written books and electioneered and "propaganded"; they have made speeches on street corners, in trade union halls, in slums, and in drawing-rooms; they have lectured and organised and entertained; they have strewn the British Isles with facts and arguments.

The Fabians have never been numerous. They were slightly more than two hundred in 1890, and they number only about two thousand to-day (most of them being listed in *Who's Who*). But their influence, thanks to their exceptional ability and industry, has reached far beyond the British Isles. Many an American student, in the last forty years, has come upon the *Fabian Essays in Socialism* (edited by Bernard Shaw), and has been impressed by their scholarship and lucidity, if not convinced by their arguments. Never has the case for Socialism been more effectively presented.

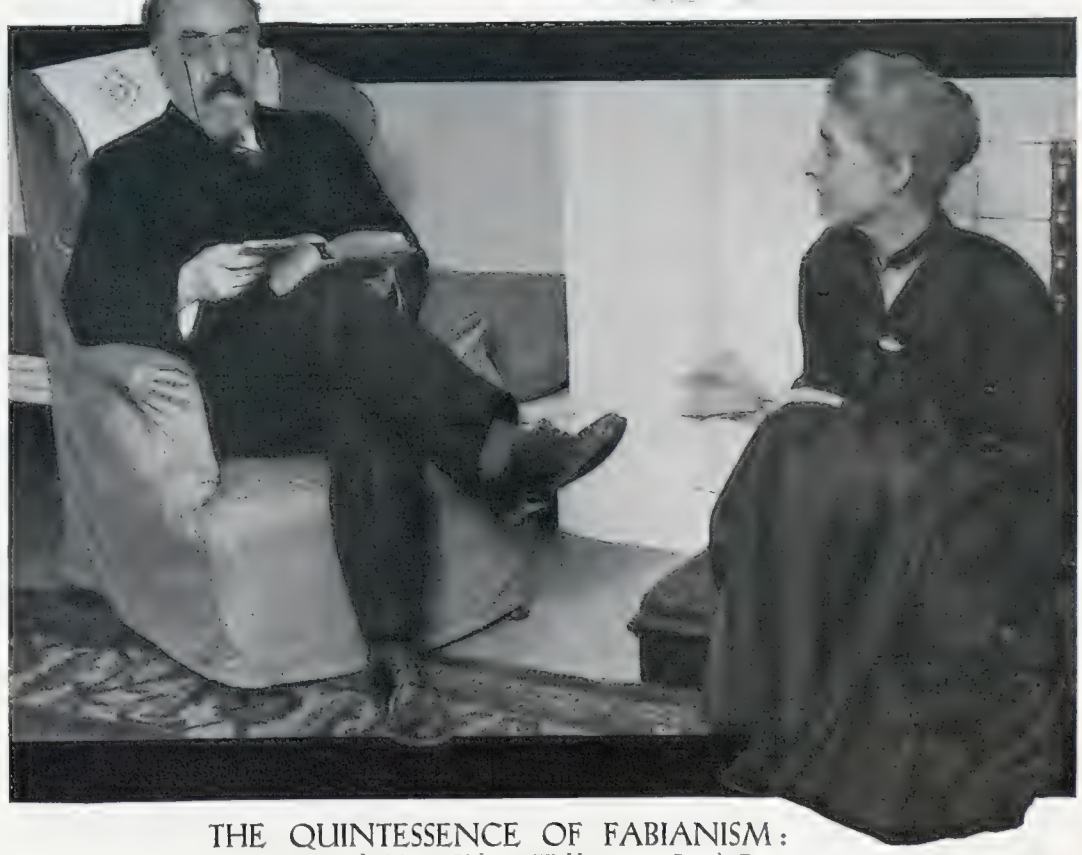
Though they wanted a completely reorganised society, the Fabians were not in a hurry. They knew it would be a long time in coming, and were prepared to wait and to work for it in the traditional British manner. In practice they differed, and still differ little from hard-working Liberals. So they named their society after Quintus Fabius Maximus, who knew how to wait in the Punic war.

But this did not prevent them in the beginning from being gay and militant revolutionaries. Shaw, one of the gayest and most militant, has described the Fabian temper of the 'eighties and the transition it underwent in consequent of the Fabians' sense of humour and their British practicality.

"*The Fabian Society was warlike in its origin,*" *he said.* "*It came into existence through a schism in an earlier society for the peaceful regeneration of the race by the cultivation of perfection of individual character. Certain members modestly feeling that the revolution would have to wait an unreasonably long time if postponed until they personally had attained perfection, set up the banner of Socialism militant, seceded from the regenerators, and established themselves independently as the Fabian Society.*

"We denounced the capitalists as thieves and, among ourselves, talked revolution, anarchism, labour notes versus pass-books, and all the rest of it, on the tacit assumption that the object of our campaign—with its watchwords, 'Educate, Agitate, Organise'—was to bring about a tremendous smash-up of existing society, to be succeeded by complete Socialism. And this meant that we had no true practical understanding either of existing society or Socialism. Without being quite definitely aware of this, we yet felt it to a certain extent all along; for it was

(Continued on p. 332)



THE QUINTESSENCE OF FABIANISM: *Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, now Lord Passfield and Mrs. Sidney Webb*

THE SEASON AT VILLARS AND BRETAYE

Special "Sphere" Pictures of Two Popular Resorts

ON THE SLOPES OF BRETAYE: Two commonplace sights on the fine ski-ing fields. On left a small party of five is seen on a steep slope; below is the long trek to the station

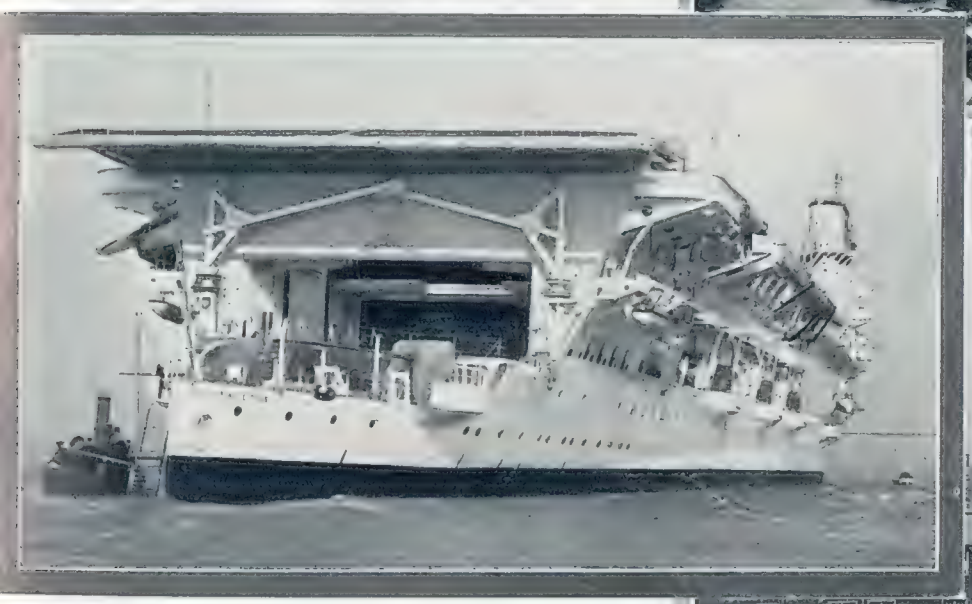
The hotels seldom see skiers for the midday meal

The setting for the ski-jumping at Villars

Switzerland has not enjoyed heavy snow this season and, in consequence, the upper slopes have been even more populous and popular than usual. Long trips are the order of the day among ski-runners, one of the most delightful features of which is the alfresco luncheon on the mountain-side, and the hotel dining-rooms at lunch time are filled almost exclusively with the older generation—the skaters, bobbers, and lugers, and the novitiates at ski-ing. The tire of the ascent is largely eliminated by railway transit, many resorts being installed a short line up neighbouring heights. One of the phenomena of modern Swiss life "The Sphere's" Special Commissioner discovered, is the astonishing similarity between men and women on skis—at even a short distance. It is almost impossible to differentiate between a masculine and a feminine figure on the snow-clad slopes. The standard of ski-ing (owing to its great popularity) has increased out of all recognition of late years.

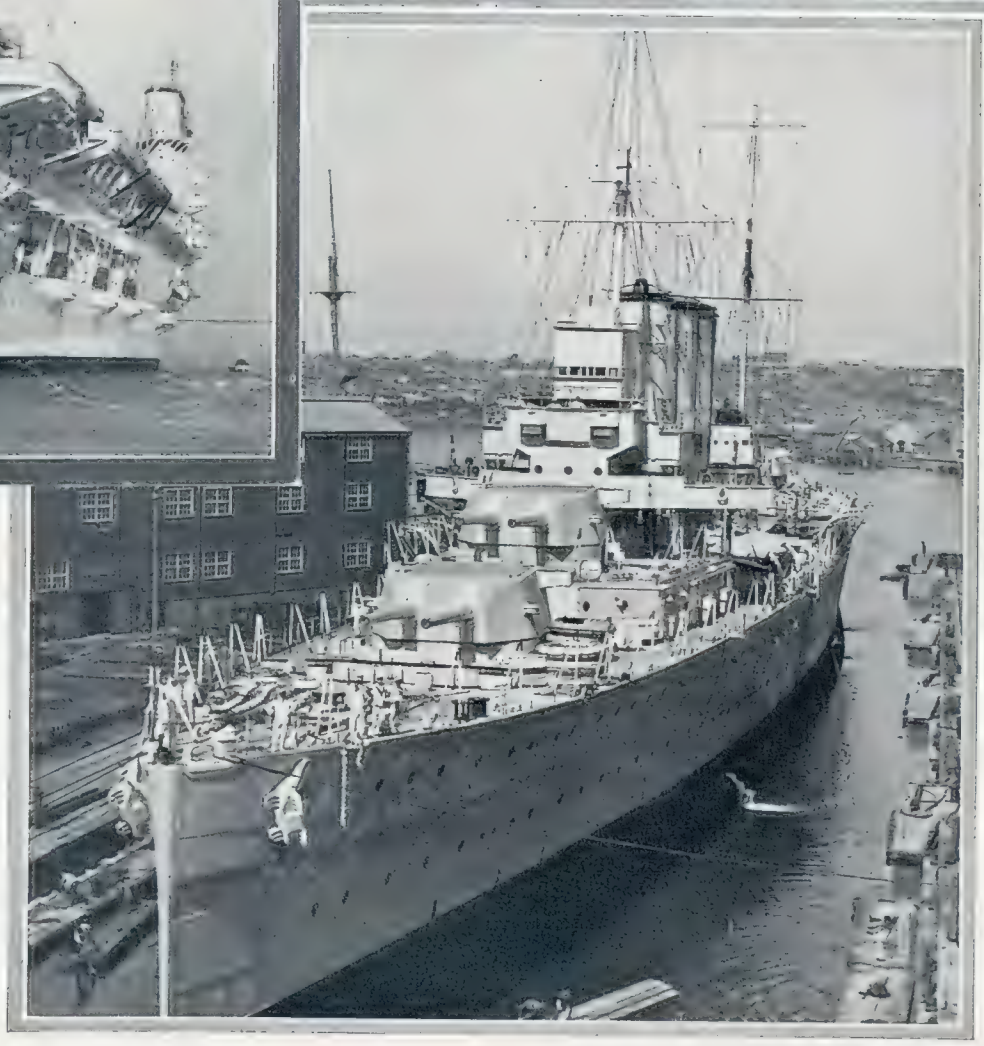
AERIAL CONSTRUCTION: A new suspension railway from Oberstdorf to the Nebelhorn (2,000 m. above sea level). It is to be ready by Easter. The highest support of the railway is seen above

ELECTRICITY FOR THE HOLY LAND: The construction of motor-power works on the Jordan. *Above*—the building of the canal for the waters of Jarmuk Lake and the electrical works is seen; *below*—the great barrage, 8 metres high, newly constructed at Jarmuk. A lake of concrete is to be made here



HOME FOR REPAIRS: A striking view of the aircraft-carrier *Courageous* arriving at Devonport from the Mediterranean, one of the types of vessels affected by the cutting down of the naval programme

MODERN LIFE in STEEL and IRON.



IN THE FORMER DESTROYER DOCKYARD OF THE COMMONWEALTH: H.M.A.S. *Canberra* enters Cockatoo Dockyard—one of the two great dockyards in Sydney Harbour, the other being Garden Island. Cockatoo has been enlarged of late so that ships larger than t.b.d.'s can enter it. It is near Woolloomooloo

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

A Weekly Feature Devoted to the Interests of Travel at Home and Abroad

Edited by CRAWFURD PRICE

By CAR through SUNNY SICILY

By R. R. GORDON-BARRETT

It is about 350 miles by road from Naples to Réggio-Calabria (where one takes the ferry to Messina), and nearly all the way the scenery is magnificent, which fact, if you are of hardy build and possess a comfortable large car, will perhaps more than compensate for the trials and tribulations of finding one's way along a road that hardly ever runs straight and is practically innocent of even the most rudimentary sign-post. These unsatisfactory conditions will soon, however, be rectified, for it has been decided to build an *autostrada* between Naples and Réggio. One can, however, go by sea.

The steamer leaves Naples each evening at seven o'clock and arrives at Palermo between seven and eight the next morning. The fare, first class, is approximately 30s., and the rate for one's car, if one wishes to take it, varies from 300 to 600 lire, according to size and weight. This compares with a charge of approximately 75 lire on the ferry-boats running between Réggio-Calabria and Messina.

SACRED TO ANCIENT GODS: The Temple Juno Lacinia at Girgenti and (below) *the Temple of Poseidon on the Punta Lincoso, near Pæstum*

The roads of the island are now being repaired and modernised, and when the proposed *autostrada* has been built I predict that this beautiful island will become the fashionable winter resort of the Mediterranean, surpassing in beauty, interest, and excellence of climate the—at present—more popular Riviera.

Palermo, full of colour, on the edge of a beautiful bay, is perhaps the best centre whence the island can be explored. There is much to see in the town itself and many excursions to be made in its delightful neighbourhood; of the latter the most important is to Monreale with its famous church and beautiful cloisters that should on no account be missed.

After a few days the keen motorist will wish to push farther afield, and to such I recommend a tour right round the island, a run of 1,000 kms. one will never forget.

Leaving the city by the Corso Calatafimi, one takes the road "over the hills" via Monreale, Partinico, Alcamo, and Calatafimi—where coming out of the town a small road to the right leads to the interesting ruins of Segeste, a city with a history dating back to the twelfth century before Christ—to Trápani, 105 kms. from Palermo, a modern town and port of over 50,000 inhabitants.

The next *étape*, of 195 kms., is to Girgenti via Marsala, Campobello, Caltelvetrano, over a sinuous hilly road to Sciacca and the coast, then inland once more via Ribera, Siculiana, and Porto Empedocle. Around the hill-top city of Girgenti, with its splendid panoramas, are the ruins of ancient doric temples that remind one of Greece.

Our road continues twisting and undulating through hilly, picturesque country via Canicatti, Sommatino, Riesi, Terranova, Vittoria, and Ragusa, to Modica, where the most important sight is the grottos of the Cava d'Ispica; then on via Spaccaforno, Rosolini, and Noto, to Siracusa, 262 kms. from Girgenti.

There are several good hotels at Siracusa, and one must stay two or three nights, for in addition to the ancient temples, museums, etc. in the city, the imposing remains of the largest city of ancient Greece await exploration on the wide plateau behind the modern town.

From Siracusa a run of 178 kms. takes one to Messina via Priolo, Catania — an important city built on and of lava, and containing several fine monuments such as the Ursino Castle, the remains of a Greek theatre, and the church of S. Nicolò — Acireale, Giarre, Taormina—a little resort that is becoming quite popular, where in the depth of winter one can pick mandarins from the trees, sweeter and more delicious than any we see at home—and S. Teresa di Riva.

Instead, however, of following this coastal road beyond Catania, I recommend a detour around the base of Mount Etna—one of the largest active volcanoes in the world. From Randazzo, if one feels inclined, the ascent of Etna can be made on mule-back, the climb taking about five hours.

Continuing from Randazzo, the coastal road is rejoined some 10 kms. south of Taormina, where, by the way, one should not miss a glance at the old castle at Castiglione perched high up on the edge of a precipice.

We are now on the last lap of the round-Sicily tour, and for the greatest part of the 260 kms. that separate Messina by road from Palermo one follows a *corniche* road along the beautiful northern coast of the island.

The starting-point of that great Sicilian classic, the Targa Florio race, which takes place each April over the most difficult course in the world, lies some 45 kms. east of Palermo, and whilst in this part of the country I strongly recommend every motorist to run round this mountainous sixty-odd-mile circuit. Even if he or she is not interested in motor-racing the trip is one that should be taken on account of the magnificent scenery encountered.

The road leads up to Polizzi, nearly 3,000 ft. above the starting-point, and from time to time the outline of Etna is seen away on the right over vast walls of mountains. Then downhill around numerous hairpin bends to Collesano and on to Campofelice and the coast.

Undoubtedly the island is a veritable paradise for the tourist, and I strongly recommend these Continental motorists who have not yet made the experiment, to include Sicily on their itinerary when next planning a long-distance Continental tour.

AN ALI BABA JAR: An antique urn in the San Domenico Palace, Taormina

ENGLAND IN SICILY: The old doorway of Campobello, the villa belonging to Mr. Percival Campbell, in Taormina

TYPICAL OF THE ISLAND: One of the many painted carts which are characteristic of the Sicilian culture

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

In constantly increasing numbers readers of "The Sphere" are availing themselves of the free service offered by "The Sphere" Travel Bureau.

This admirably equipped and efficiently staffed Bureau exists for the dissemination of information and unbiased advice concerning travel and hotels at home and abroad. It does not sell tickets or book accommodation, but it acts as "guide, philosopher, and friend" to the prospective tourist.

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"THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau,
Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

The SPHERE of TRAVEL—continued.

WANDERLUST

and things to gratify it.

UPWARD, EVER UPWARD: The old Strada d'Anacapri, the road which creates a record in hair-pin bends and gives the lie to the phrase "straight and narrow path" — on the exquisite Island of Capri

Ewing Galloway
A ONE-TIME BASTION OF FRANCE: The Porte des Allemandes, Metz

On Left—*FRESCOES OF IND: Mural decorations in the palace of the Maharaja of Udaipur*

On right—*THE MOTOR-COACH CONQUERS THE WORLD: A scene in Annam, Indo-China, where travel is largely conducted by motor-bus. One is seen above crossing a stream on a* Bac, *a ferry between Ivaha and Quinhon*

Ewing Galloway
TRANSPORT OF TRANSPORT! The triumph of the motor-coach which yet depends on primitive assistance

By permission of the Guildhall Library Committee

THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION BY WATER: *A glorious canvas by Richard Paton in the year of the French Revolution, 1789. The foreground figures are by Francis Wheatley of "The Cries of London" fame. It has been restored and placed in the Guildhall Art Gallery*

NEWS from the ART WORLD

"THE TEMPEST," BY EDWARD BAWDON: *This shows a scene from the Brome Miracle play, "Abraham and Isaac"*

JOINT ARTISTS: *Messrs. Eric Ravilious and Edward Bawdon, who have been subsidised by Sir Joseph Duveen*

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS—REVISED: *One of the modernistic treatments of an ancient theme by Mr. E. Bawdon, in the refreshment room at Morley College—the working-man's institute, S.E. The drawings, by Messrs. Ravilious and Bawdon, have been presented to the College by Sir Joseph Duveen following the success of the mural decorations at the Tate Refreshment Room by Rex Whistler*

THE BOARDING-HOUSE: *By Eric Ravilious. This allegorical conceit forms a large portion of the Duveen gift to Morley College. Mr. Ravilious and Mr. Bawdon split the space available. Among other amusing conceits is a trio of Graces all cast in the Hebraic style*

By permission of the Guildhall Library Committee

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE: *A detail of "The Administration of the Mayoralty Oath to Alderman Nathaniel Newnham in the Guildhall, 1782"—by William Miller, recently restored and now again on view in the gallery*

The WORLD of WOMEN

Edited by DIANA BOURBON

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

editorial

Said Walt Whitman, a gentleman from whom I am willing to take advice: "Stranger, if you passing meet me, and desire to speak to me, why should you not speak to me? And why should I not speak to you?" To-day, for the hundredth time in a dissolute life, I was up against my own theory.

It was on the steps of the Burlington Arcade that I met the villain. He was one of those myriads who apparently lunch late and tea early, and like to take a stroll down Piccadilly once in between times to settle the system. There was nothing remarkable about him. Bowler hat, blue suit, good shoes, good shave, quite normal. We all know scores of 'em.

QUERY?

—Why the necessity for a personal (and probably valueless) introduction?

Before I reached the Ritz I discovered he was on my heels. When I had crossed the road and walked back towards the Circus he was still behind. He tracked me to Swan and Edgar's, and when I came out at the Regent Street entrance congratulating myself that I had lost him, there he was, gazing pensively down the Underground steps.

"All right, my friend," thought I, "two can play this game," and with that I set off down the Haymarket.

I am no judge of distance, but I think we must have tramped miles, for my feet had grown and my shoes shrunk a size before the Haymarket, Pall Mall, St. James's Street, and Piccadilly again lay behind us, and we rounded the corner of Bond Street. Wind-blown and morose I paused outside Goodyear's and stared at the orchids. He stood beside me for a moment, then raised his hat and said:

"Please forgive me, but would you be mad if a man spoke to you in the street?"

"Not necessarily," I replied, "but I should have to be very mad before I answered him."

And with that I gave up the fight, hailed a taxi, and went home.

But what I want to know is, why?

In theory I range myself beside Walt Whitman, but when it comes to practice I hang back among the grandmothers. I will not say that I have never made a male acquaintance without the felicity of an introduction, because that would be straining the truth even further than I care to venture. I have met nests of them in trains, boats, and customs, and we have rubbed noses and gone our ways. And, so far, not one of them has robbed me of my virtue, stolen my pearls (it is true they are not worth stealing), or mistaken me for an old campaigner looking for a billet. I shall continue to do so.

Yet in the Burlington Arcade I meet a man. I like the look of him; he likes the look of me. He follows me humbly for a matter of two miles or so, and during a pause for breath opens a conversation. Walt Whitman and a grandmother grapple within me, and the grandmother wins. I take a taxi which I cannot afford, and leave a perfectly nice man with a sagging jaw.

But if Evelyn Brown had been there too, and had said, "Darling, you must meet Jimmy Jones. He's Tinpot cars, you know—and mad keen on draughts!" all would have been well. Jimmy Jones might have been a wife-enticer, smasher of maidenly illusions, and dope-fiend all rolled into one, and (what is far more important) looked it, yet it would have been quite right and proper for us to have trifled with a common pot of tea at the Piccadilly. We should have been introduced you see.

Query. A —— A ——, the well-known parson-journalist, meets a young woman in the tube, and between Holborn and Dover Street contrives to fall in love with her from now until the last trump. Obviously she has recognised him since his portrait decorates every column he writes, and equally obviously she is a thoroughly nice girl, a fact proclaimed by her Burberry, Heath hat, and the Galsworthy under her arm. In another moment she will be gone for ever, leaving him a desolate man.

What should Mr. A —— do? — Nina Rexford.

A royal artist

Princess Alexandra Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, daughter-in-law of the ex-Kaiser, puts the finishing touches to a painting of the notable author, Miss Fanny Hurst, in New York

Clocks and Watches

— modern timepieces are not much different from old ones —

by N. Haworth

With long sleeves fashionable and bracelets worn outside clasping the wrist, watches inset in a broad and ornamental band are a natural sequence. We are apt to think our own generation pioneers of this persistent vogue for carrying old Time on our wrists, but like many another modern mode there is no originality in it.

As a matter of fact the seventeenth-century watchmakers in Paris excelled in making wonderful little timekeepers and were fond of inventing curious cases for them, ornately enamelled and of quaint shapes, such as ducks and animals. Historians say that Henry VIII wore a watch slung on a chain round his neck.

There is certainly a recrudescence of interest in clocks nowadays, as every array of wedding presents proves. Royalty gives them. Amazing ingenuity is shown in diversifying the appearance of timepieces, and particularly in offering models that can "sit" anywhere instead of on the accustomed mantelshelf, which from many rooms is now an absentee, a manifestation of the *style moderne*.

A NOTABLE CLOCK: A Directoire timepiece to be sold at Christie's next week

Clocks with unaccustomed complexions abound also. Instead of the clean white dial of past days we have grey and brown and shot blues and even reds, with figures of a quaintness not always very legible.

The old French design, hung from a broad ribbon on the wall, and the flat desk one, which is also a letter-weight and can be extremely handsome and radiantly coloured, are fine specimens of the genus. And there is a liking for a travelling clock, the dial of which recalls a well-known home scene, such as the Victoria Tower, Westminster, or St. Paul's Cathedral.

Points of View:

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Two outspoken critics say what they think of each other's sex

Diana Bourbon says:—

THE MODERN YOUTH *is* NO BETTER *than an* AMATEUR GIGOLO

Vain, vapid, sponging, no wonder women grow masculine in self-defence

A FEATHER-BED SOLDIER: *A typical foppish puppy depicted by Mr. Rod la Rocque*

How little—comparatively—one hears about "the man of to-day" (by whom, of course, one means the *young* man of to-day) to offset the flood of critical sermons, conversations, newspaper articles that engulf his sister and his fiancée-to-be. Comprehensible, naturally, since criticising women has been one of the favourite male indoor games since Adam was first introduced to Eve (Darwinians would probably say earlier, since man degenerated from being a happy monkey into being something so much more painful and complex), whereas women have usually had the bad sense and good censorship to keep what *they* thought of men severely to themselves. However, continual limelight has a bad effect. It should not be reserved exclusively for one sex or sect. So let us break with tradition and for once consider the object we are obliged to accept as the "modern man." The object that my (and the next) generation of women are being severely blamed for hesitating to marry.

He has, to begin with, rather an air of shoddiness. Like sale goods on the final remnant day—when everything worth while has been picked over long ago. It is *he*, no one but he, who is responsible for the temporary phase of masculinity that has swept over post-War womanhood. Won't anyone realise that we women are playing the man—in our clothes and habits, our jobs, our outlook, our games—and, be it added, are heartily sick of playing the man, simply because the youths of our period seem to be so lamentably incapable of playing the part themselves?

THE AMATEUR GIGOLO: *A modernistic vain dandy played by M. Alexandre D'Arcy*

The other day I saw a man of about my own age, not in the least an out of the ordinary looking person either, certainly not of the now so common effeminate type, *take a mirror from his pocket, carefully scrutinise himself in it, and put it back.* One felt slightly sick. Then infinitely depressed. How can anyone expect "women to be women," even to *pretend* to be clinging and semi-helpless, when men are giving bad imitations of powdered flappers? There is nothing to cling *to*.

It is the *Girls* to-day who take their jobs, and the whole business of self-support, economic independence, and consequent self-respect seriously. The boys who cadge about for something not too exacting through Uncle George's influence; accept allowances from the family as their just due; and give themselves all the airs and graces of the respectably kept wives and daughters of the past.

They have developed waist-lines and girls' hands, and wavy hair. They are vain and incompetent. And their vanity and incompetence is creating 75 per cent. of the masculinity among women. Look about you honestly. Don't you all know families in which the best man is either the mother or the daughter?

Do you think that in these cases playing the man's part is a pleasant business to the women concerned? That (though they might still want to pull their weight), they wouldn't be glad to drop the burden from their weary shoulders—if only those of their men folk (or the men folk they mostly meet) were broad enough and fit enough to take it on?

The trouble with us is that we seem to have stopped breeding men at all—since the War.

Look at them socially—these *Youths* with whom we are afflicted. Their tendency to sponge, their passion for acceptance—of hospitality, of entertainment, consideration, deference, courtship. (Yes! there are women fools enough to give them these things.) Their unwillingness to make any return—even by decent manners—for such value received.

Is there any one of them—busy accepting all he can get as his just due, sinking down comfortably into the place of the sought-after and protected, that was vacated by his sisters when they discovered their independence and capabilities—is there any one of them who doesn't despise from the bottom of his heart the paid gigolo—and lose no opportunity of saying so.

There isn't one of them who is better than a gigolo himself.

Of the two, one prefers the professional. He takes payment in money—honestly. Not, unadmittedly and more expensively, in kind.

Derek Patmore retorts:—

WHY I DISLIKE *the* DETESTABLE MODERN GIRL

A dancing doll with no conversation, in reality afraid of responsibility, life, and love

A FUTURE MOTHER OF THE RACE? *A typical "glad rag doll" portrayed by Miss Ethelind Terry*

There she stands gaily drinking a cocktail. Although it is only twelve o'clock in the morning, and despite the fact that she is only nineteen, there are deep purple shadows about her eyes, and underneath the brilliant curves of lipstick her mouth droops wearily in sulky discontent. Poor modern girl. "So obsessed with second best, No rest you'll ever find," as Noel Coward remarks.

She is pretty in a hard, boyish kind of way, and her body is fashionably slim to the point of utter sexlessness. But why should any sensible man wish to marry her? I know I don't. The modern girl loves herself too much to make a perfect wife, not that any wives are perfect. To the average modern girl men are useful slaves; they make excellent dancing partners, they take one to cinemas and theatres, they admire one's clothes. To her men are nice to flirt with and perhaps even cuddle, and that is all. A pet dog would do nearly as well and be far less trouble. For the modern girl, despite her sophistication and her worldly airs, is afraid of sex. She is frightened of marriage, for it will limit her freedom, and there is the terrifying complication of having children. But she must have men around her, for they and only they can satisfy her vanity.

As a rule the conversation of the modern girl is limited. She has had little time for reading or learning to play the piano. She would rather go driving or play golf instead; it is far less trouble and much more fun. So her conversation is usually monosyllabic. "Divine!" "I adore it!" "Really?" interspersed with maddening girlish giggles quite unsuited to her outward sophistication. If she happens to be a Bright Young Person she may even rise to such heights as "So shy-making," "Too bogus!" and other equally witty remarks.

THE PYJAMA PARTY GIRL: *One of the not-so-admirable phenomena of 1930 enacted by Miss Corinne Griffith*

The modern girl takes all and give nothing. All she wants is a good time. And I don't blame her. She is a bad friend because she is frightened of being individual, and she will sacrifice all her friends and beliefs in the desire to please. She wants applause and admiration and as many beaux and admirers as she can get hold of. She is hard because she is afraid and the competition is strong, and she does not want to be left on the shelf. Virgins and old maids are now terms of reproach.

Poor modern girl. I cannot but help feeling sorry for her, for she will grow old before her time. Having obtained complete freedom she has exhausted all her desires and pleasures, and she frequently destroys her health by sacrificing the necessities of life for a few of its luxuries. One cannot go without meals so as to be able to buy a pretty pair of stockings or a hat without feeling the consequences later on, nor can one dance all night and work all day.

Like most of her post-War generation, after suffering over her first love *affaire* she is frightened of being hurt again and hides her disillusion under a cloak of cynicism and worldliness, and so in time loses all capacity to love. Appallingly self-conscious, she is afraid of being laughed at, and so never allows herself to be sentimental. By "sentimental" I mean the word in its proper sense of responding to natural impulses instead of stifling them; of respecting certain traditions instead of wantonly breaking them; of reverencing what is decent and clean instead of scoffing at it and condemning what is base instead of condoning it; and not the sickly, sloppy "sentimentality" which is rightly derided but wrongly termed "sentiment" to-day.

Like most Englishwomen of all ages, the modern girl feels that the ordinary housework is beneath her dignity. And so she takes no interest in cooking, she is unable to make her own clothes, and she can barely be bothered to know how to make her own bed. In fact, the only hope I can foresee for this strange, hard, emotionless creature is for her to marry a rich man for whom she can look decorative, help to spend his money, and be a gay and amusing plaything. However rich men are becoming scarcer and scarcer in England, and do not show a violent desire to marry, so what will become of her? She will not want to marry a poor man, and if she did she would not be of much use to him. So perhaps she will just "dance and leave to-morrow behind."

SECTION—cont.

*Distinctive

DOORS

—The entrance and the announcer to a home are worth considering

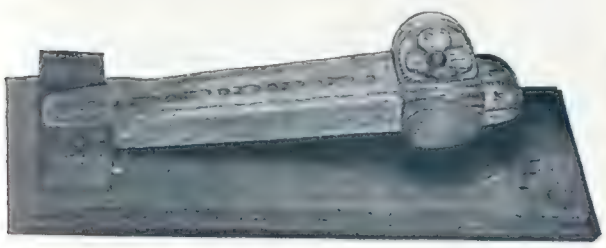
By Violet King

THE VETERAN: *Late fifteenth century or early sixteenth century, this carved oak door is a beautiful specimen from Church Farm, Suffolk. Victoria and Albert Museum*

Most of us can appreciate fully the beauty of a really good door. It is something we can study while we wait for it to be opened, and there is usually an uninterrupted view as one walks towards it. Considering all this, it is a most important feature of the house, and should be given special attention.

Nowadays we sometimes see delightful new houses, modelled on the lines of the Elizabethan period. The doors are equally beautiful though they may not be mellow.

Another striking example of the beauty of simplicity is the new style of weathered oak door with knocker complete specially designed to be in keeping with present-day decoration and made of the same oak. The whole construction of the door is usually sound and composed of straight lines, being fashioned in so plain a manner that it is absolutely devoid of mouldings, and oak exposed to atmospheric conditions changes its colour in a natural way, eventually becoming lovely in the process of passing time.



BETTER AND BRIGHTER DOORS: *An original design in weathered oak in sympathy with twentieth-century doors of simple form*

Many of our houses and flats possess doors gaily painted with a stippled effect in Lido blue and green, scarlet and gold, and other attractive colours which tend to liven up a nondescript door and make it, at least, interesting. Knockers of oxidised nickel, resembling a favourite dog, are fashionable to-day, and can be modelled to order.

Door furniture cannot be dismissed without a thought, for it plays a large part on doors of the simplest construction, forming its only decoration, and for this reason it must be in good taste and of good design. Knockers may possess character of their own, and be a part of the actual door as well, so that they must be chosen carefully.

D. E. H. Box

IN A BUILDING OF JACOBEAN BRICK: *A fine example of an oak door in Guildford, dated 1619*

There are still good antique knockers to be picked up which look quite well on doors of the same period. Brass has been in use from a remote period of history—even the Ancient Britons possessed brass foundries—so that it is not unusual to get good specimens in almost any period. During the Romanesque, Gothic, and Renaissance periods knockers were most freely used. And later, the Sheraton and Adam knockers were designed by those master craftsmen, which are often found on modern doors.

"TWO-LOVE!" *One of the Modernist settings in "Our Dancing Daughters"*

WILL *the* FILMS INFLUENCE *interior* DECORATION

***The screen may yet educate us to* style moderne**

By Eric Dighton

Every day one reads impassioned letters from irate ladies and gentlemen in the Press declaring that the "talkies" are undermining the purity of the English language. Apparently unless something drastic is done at once our children will forget that they have British blood coursing in their veins, and soon nothing but the nasal tones of "Gee! Honey" and "You big stiff!" and other such endearments will be heard from one end of the land to the other! Such is the power and influence of the films.

There is no doubt that we are only just beginning to realise the immense effect the films are having on our everyday life.

Films give us the key to a land where all lovers are happy, where no one has to worry about money for long, and so strong is this illusion that we soon want to possess it. So I wonder what will happen now that the film producers have commenced giving us films set amidst sumptuous modern *décor*.

The real advent of modern decoration happened in a very *de luxe* film, *Our Dancing Daughters*, in which American producers finally realised that there was something in modern decoration after all. So the producer gave this film a magnificent modern *décor*, and the great film public liked it. It was something new and different. This film was followed by others like it, and now practically every modern comedy of manners has a modern setting on the screen.

ULTRA-MODERN: *An attractive bedroom-set from "Our Dancing Daughters"*

I am all in favour of the films making us appreciate the effectiveness of bare white walls and the decorative treatments of black and silver. I like simple low tables with convenient shelves underneath and wide low divan beds. And no one can deny the beauty of a modern wrought-iron staircase and the attractiveness of great wide opaque glass windows as depicted in some of the latest films. But can we trust Hollywood to direct our taste for us? Already, I can see patriotic-minded people throwing up their hands in horror at the very thought of such a happening.

Hollywood may produce some beautiful *décors*, but it also shows some very strange schemes of interior decoration to the world.

There was a picture recently where the hero's house (in England) was the size of Buckingham Palace, and everything in it was ostentatious to a degree.

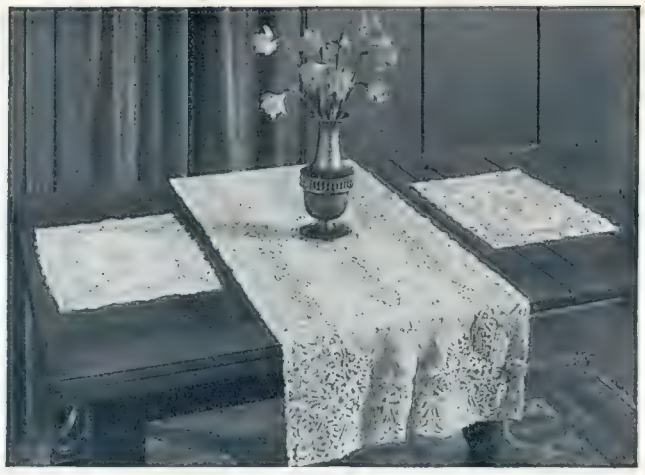
The films have bad lapses in taste, which reminds one of Noel Coward's famous remark on being questioned by a friend about the furnishing of Mae Murray's apartment, which he once rented in New York, "Oh, late Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!" he replied.

"LATE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER": *A set which gives point to Noel Coward's quip about American furniture*

Still, the fact remains whether we like it or not, that the films have it in their power to influence the existing styles of interior decoration to an enormous extent, for most of us are inclined to imitate unconsciously what we see on the screen. So let us hope the results will not be as alarming as some people would like to prophesy.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION
—continued.

• FANCY LINEN *and* LINGERIE



The White House, 51, New Bond Street

OLD FLANDERS LACE: *A thirteen-piece table-set in Flanders lace and Rosalind point insertion*

By Ann Drew

Few things are more of a joy to the beholder than fine linen and exquisite lingerie. One could spend hours of bliss contemplating—and touching—such loveliness as that shown in the accompanying photographs.

French and American women, they say, are more appreciative of such things, more determined to collect them for themselves—if necessary by dint of saving and small sacrifices—than Englishwomen, but the stricture is not entirely deserved. The quality of being house-proud is not confined to other nationalities. These beauties, for instance, are to be found in London shops!

In spite of a determined and increasing influx of table-cloths the mat still reigns. The woman who has a beautiful antique (or modern) table is unwilling to conceal its surface. All lace, or lace and drawn-work, however, are proving more popular than embroidery. For one thing they are finer, and therefore wash and iron (or clean) better. For another—as may be seen in the photographs—they offer a better background for fine china and silver.

White House, 51, New Bond Street

OF GREAT PRICE: *A table-set of twenty-five pieces in point Gaz lace. The centre-piece is enriched with applique work*

Lovely sheets and such bed-wear (tempting one to linger long abed in the morning if only to appreciate them more fully) offer an almost unlimited choice, in which lace trimmings, embroideries, and colours all contend fairly evenly for the position of first favourite.

Often two colours are used in combination—appliquéd together—as, for example, in the cushion cover illustrated. This is of washing crêpe de chine in pink and white. The drawn-work surrounding the colour-appliqués is wonderfully fine, and whole sets of this type of work—in crêpe de chine—are very fashionable.

Grande Maison de Blanc of Paris, 133, New Bond Street

IN LILAC AND MAUVE: *An evening scarf in crêpe chiffon of various shades designed in blended colours, hand-drawn, for evening wear*

Grande Maison de Blanc of Paris, 133, New Bond Street

EXQUISITENESS IN PINK: *A pillow-case in crêpe de chine appliqué work (which has sheets to match) and a pink satin quilt hand-stitched in grigné design*

The vogue for pyjamas grows and grows. Some of us actually sleep in them—but often the loveliest are used as lounging suits, and informal—*very* informal—dinner wear. Hence the popularity of the darker colours. There is one red suit—the jacket multi-coloured and with a fine gold thread weaving through the pattern of it; the trousers piped up the sides with a fine line of this material. Almost anyone would feel—and what is more, *be*—fascinating in such garb.

• CANNIBAL PARENTS

—Mothers who eat their young

By Winifred Holtby

In 1930 Mother Love is out of favour. For years it has been praised, honoured, worshipped, exaggerated and sentimentalised. The hero of a melodrama had only to whisper the one word "Mother," and the gallery applauded from wall to wall. No pantomime was complete without a song about "That Old-fashioned Mother of Mine." "The Roses round the door made us love Mother more." And so on. And so forth. But lately a little nagging doubt has crept in, to the chorus of adulteration. Are we so certain that all those old-fashioned mothers with their whole-hearted concentration upon their children's interests were exactly the perfect guardians of youth? Wasn't there just a possibility that even Mother Love could be carried a little too far? When that exceedingly interesting play, *The Silver Cord*, was produced in London, the whispered doubt became an open question. Had we not all encountered cannibal parents, whose ill-controlled and untimely devotion led them to eat their young? Is it possible that Mother Love, like all other human passions, requires discipline and regulation?

MOTHER LOVE: *A beautiful, or a terrible, thing—posed by Miss Dolores Costello*

Let us face facts. I know of one loving mother, she has had one son whose birth nearly cost her her life. Her husband died young and she concentrated the whole power of an ardent and romantic temperament on her boy; she watched over him day and night. She fussed herself into a frenzy over his infant ailments, his problems, his education. He grew up, happily, both strong and clever. He now holds an excellent post in his profession. He lives reluctantly but dutifully in a small flat with his mother, where she can brood over his diet, greet his home-coming with tearful adoration—and continue successfully to mar his life. For he, not unreasonably, loathes women. One side of his nature is crippled. The distortion affects his nerves, his health, and ultimately his chances of success. He is not happy and he is not popular. And I cannot imagine that during her life-time he ever will be.

I know a young and rising artist, a woman whose work has recently begun to be recognised for almost every quality but those of joy, lightness, and spontaneity. She lives in a dark Northern town with her widowed mother, for no reason but because her mother always has lived there. She has little congenial companionship, and little chance of fresh experience to enrich her talent. She cannot even work alone, as her mother likes to sit with her and interrupt whenever she wishes. She cannot go out for a walk to think out her ideas without being greeted on her return with loving remonstrance. "I thought you were lost darling. You're a quarter of an hour late. And it's been raining. You might try to consider me. You know how much I love you."

These are adults. Do we not all know nurseries where beloved children are being transformed into tiresome little neurotics by the devoted attention of too anxious mothers? No cannibalism is really more cruel than that of the mothers who "sacrifice everything" for their children, and never let the child forget it in after life. Why should young men and women start their careers under this monstrous burden of debt? They did not ask their parents to "sacrifice all" for them. All that they want is to get on with their own job of living as decently as they may.

Is there a remedy? It seems to lie in the detachment of parents who have been wise enough to acquire interests outside the nursery. The love which can at least upon occasions masquerade as indifference is the love that will in after years win the merited gratitude of the child.

AMONG MEN

of action and responsibility whose standard of life is faultless perfection, care is taken in moments of relaxation to maintain the same high standard in their hospitality. Nothing but the best is regarded with favour—such as

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Wool knitted to suggest tweed is used by Robinson and Cleaver, Regent Street, W., for this skating-suit. The skirt is arranged with pleats at the sides, so that the movements of the wearer are never handicapped

In these days everyone wants to find a reason for everything. Apparently the next question in Fashion's calendar will be, "Why is there a slump in evening dresses, shoes, and wraps?" And the reply will be, the revival of indoor skating; ice-dromes are springing up with marvellous rapidity not only in London but in the provinces, and this must have its influence on dress. In the place of shoes come practical skating boots and skates; the cost of the two is about £2 10s.; their length of life is unlimited. Fur and fur-trimmed leather and other coats take the place of the elaborate evening wraps.

This set, consisting of a cap and scarf, is as simple and becoming as it should be. It comes from Swan and Edgar's, and is carried out in cashmere in a variety of colour schemes

Soft and durable is the tweed which makes this coat and skirt. The skirt is arranged with a hip yoke so that it may be worn with a tuck-in blouse. At Swan and Edgar's

The WOMAN'S SPHERE

By Marjorie

FASHIONS FOR THE ICE-DROME.—It is very essential that the foundation garment, or as it was called in the olden days the corset, should be perfect; there must be no hint of compression, nevertheless the figure must be supported. Sometimes these garments are cut in one and at others in two. Great care must be taken to see that the suspenders do their work properly and that the knickers are the same colour as the skirt. An ideal skating outfit is pictured on this page; it comes from Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W. It is carried out in wool knitted to suggest tweed. It is 98s. 6d.; pleats are introduced at the sides of the skirts, the beige jumper being outlined with the same colourings as the suit. Then there are stockinette jumper-suits with cardigan coats for 69s. 6d., and cardigan coats and skirts finished with suède belts are 49s. 9d., the latter look so smart with tuck-in blouses; tailored tuck-in ones in these salons with elastic at waist in washing silk are 27s. 9d.

MERELY FIVE SHILLINGS.—The salons of Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, W., are replete with fascinating fashions, and the prices that prevail are more than moderate. A visit must first be paid to the millinery department on the ground floor, as there are to be seen caps in wool and metal as well as in knitted wool for 5s. Perhaps "cap" is rather a misnomer, as they bear no relation to the one worn by the schoolboy; they really are copies of French models, they come well down over the head at the back; some are draped at the sides and some over the forehead, therefore something may be found to suit every type of countenance. When not required they may be carried in the pocket of a wrap-coat.

THE TRUE BASQUE BERET.—The true Basque béret is likewise well represented at Swan and Edgar's in felt in various colours with leather head-band; the cost is 3s. 11d. There is a splendid collection of felt hats in all the modish colours for 10s. and 1 guinea. It is in the Model Millinery Department on the first floor that the cap and scarf pictured may be seen. The set, carried out in very soft cashmere in a variety of colours, is 30s. and is ideal for sports and country wear. Furthermore, there is a collection of straw hats which have come hot-foot from Paris; the majority of these have rather wide brims that the Parisian calls sympathetic, as they shade the eyes.

CONSIDER THE TAILOR-MADE.—As usual at this date in the calendar the tailored coat and skirt is coming into its own, as with a change of jumper its aspect may be varied from time to time. It is at Swan and Edgar's that the suit on the left of this page may be seen. Incredible as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact that the cost is 50s. It is carried out in tweed, the skirt being arranged with a hip yoke and pockets; an interesting feature of the cardigan coat is that the revers are stitched down, therefore it is impossible for them to get out of place.

Cures by Abdulla

THE SAHARA SUN CURE.

Far away from England with its dank unhealthy drizzle
Charles and Cynthia Neverwell are crawling through a Cure,
Out in the Sahara they must lie for months and frizzle,
Crushed beneath a boredom that is frightful to endure.

Sun and Sand and Silence have replaced the round of Fashion
While their limbs are toasted to an Oriental hue,
Life's supreme diversion is a Camel in a passion;
Heartened by Abdullas they have vowed to see it through!

F. R. HOLMES.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

Seeing the Living Dead.

By A. E. LILIUS

The Continuation of the Remarkable Revelations of Lamaistic Mysteries in Peking

(Continued from p. 299)

drum continued to throb a regular bomm-bomm-bomm.

On the other hand it could have been a trick, a cheap trick from which the Lamas would undoubtedly gain a lot, materially and morally. Some kind of mechanical device. But at this instant the Dai Lama was ready for a new song, and when he reached the frenzied state the corpse actually stirred and made an attempt to sit up in the coffin.

Only the drum proceeded to beat its weird bomm-bomm-bomm, and when I looked at the rows of Lamas in front of me it seemed as if they were doing a lot of concentrating, each of them staring at a point in front of him.

Then the dead man sat up!

His eyes were open, staring straight ahead. I could not discover in them the slightest light of understanding of what was going on, but there was no doubt any more . . . the corpse was alive; it moved, it obeyed the wishes of these Lamas.

He got up from the coffin and stood for a moment in the aisle, unsteady, as if the knees would not do their duty. The drums continued encouragingly their monotonous melody.

He walked. He took a few steps to the altar.

He slumped down in a rather unceremonious kowtow before the altar and the Buddha statue. This he repeated several times.

At this moment the silence was disturbed by a hysterical sob from the opposite side of the Temple, a woman had had too much of these uncanny goings-on; it was indeed too nerve-racking even for a man.

The Living Dead had turned around, and facing the Dai Lama, whom he in all probability did not see, he kowtowed before him, turned and walked backwards, step by step, to his resting-place, the coffin. Nobody helped him. The Lamas were still motionless, but the moment he was stretched out for his long, long sleep, the litany and music bearers took the casket away.

Who was the Living Dead? He was not a Lama for he wore the Imperial mandarin robes. I believe he was of princely blood for some reason put into a catalyptic sleep by the cruel Lamas as a punishment for one thing or another. It must have been long ago.

I have tried to discuss this matter with the savants of both America and Europe, but they dismiss the story as incredible. On the other hand I was told that another white man, presumably a European traveller, had witnessed this weird ritual by command of the late Dowager Empress of China, who apparently had a knowledge of this phenomenon.

Who was the Living Dead, and how long had he been dead yet living, and what has happened to the poor fellow in his casket since the occupation of Peiping by the looting Nationalist troops?

The Cat o' Nine Tails.

Whether Flogging be Retained or Discarded as a Punishment is the Question of the Hour

No more vivid example of how a single untoward act can excite the public conscience could be adduced than the recent suicide in Wandsworth Gaol of James Edward Spires, who was sentenced to a long term of penal servitude and corporal punishment with the cat. Even Parliament is to be asked to pass a law forbidding flogging as part of the penal code.

Flogging as a punishment dates back to Bible times, for according to Deuteronomy xxv. 3, the number of stripes was limited to forty, "lest thy brother should seem vile unto thee." The exact date on which the cat-o'-nine-tails was introduced is difficult to discover, but more than a century ago, in 1811, two men were punished for publishing severe censures on flogging in the Army, which, however, was not much diminished until 1859, and it was finally abolished nine years later by the Mutiny Bill, while flogging, except after a trial, was abolished in the Navy in 1859.

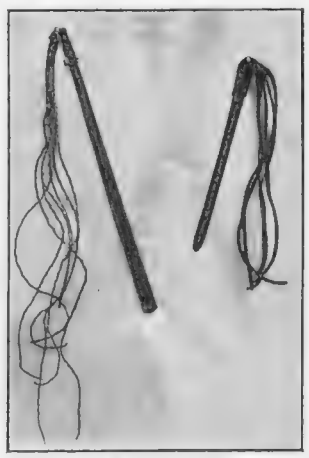
The present agitation for the total abolition of corporal punishment is not new, for the proposal was rejected by the House of Commons in 1876, in 1877, and in 1879.

To-day the cat is used only on prisoners sentenced for felony, penal servitude, or hard labour, or for gross personal violence to any officer or servant of the prison.

Although in the case of prisoners over eighteen the cat is the general punishment, the birch-rod may be used but with neither may more than thirty-six lashes be given, while for prisoners under eighteen the maximum number of lashes is eighteen, and the birch-rod the only method of punishment.

The whip itself has a handle about 18 in. long and the lashes are some 6 in. shorter. Much publicity has been given recently to a statement that the present cat has only one lash, but this has been denied by an official to this writer.

Flogging is carefully organised and is conducted under the supervision of the medical officer of the gaol, who must not only certify the prisoner fit for the punishment but must attend the flogging and give such orders for preventing injury to the man's health as he may deem necessary. At the same time, the Governor of the gaol must be present. He is accompanied by the chief warder and a hospital warder, who is furnished with brandy in case the prisoner should faint.



THE CAT—as used thirty years ago

When it is remembered that at one time in London garrotting was a relatively common crime and was put down by the cat, it is obvious that the fear of corporal punishment has had a salutary effect on criminals inclined to violence, and a recrudescence of such acts is not unlikely if violent malefactors know they will receive no physical punishment.—R. de C.

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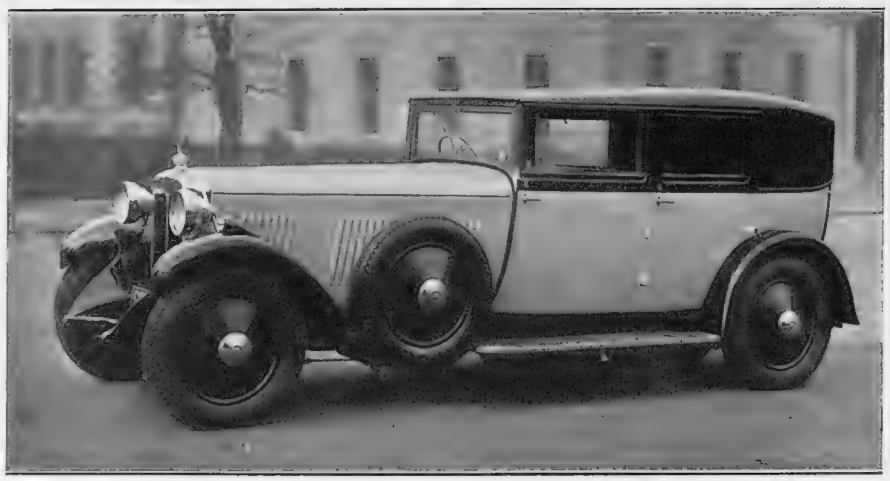
The Petrol World

by A. Percy Bradley

COACHBUILDING BY MANUFACTURERS.—It is only within recent years that the manufacturer of the motor-car chassis has interested himself directly in coachbuilding. Not so long ago it was practically impossible to buy a really nice motor-car complete in one transaction. The chassis was first purchased; this was then delivered to one of the many coachbuilders, where not only the body was fixed but where the lamps, speedometer, and other accessories were fitted. As time went on, more and more manufacturers opened coachbuilding departments, until to-day it is more difficult to buy a bare chassis than a complete motor-car.

Mass-production cars have come down so much in price that people are willing to sink their individual tastes so as to save a few pounds. The average man in this country, or perhaps more particularly the average woman, is individualistic, and although financial necessity often compels them to buy a car of which there are thousands of others exactly the same, there is a keen desire to possess something different. Mass production is well suited to the needs of our transatlantic friends, but if it were not for the financial consideration such methods would have had an early death in this country. It certainly would annoy me if I found my neighbour on the right and my neighbour on the left each driving a car which was exactly similar to my own mount. If by coincidence any such calamity should occur I should immediately rush round and have my car painted some vivid shade of pink or green so that I might imbue my particular possession with some individuality.



The Lines of Modernity: A Double-Six Daimler 30-h.p. chassis on which is mounted a Hooper Sedanca body. Messrs. Hooper and Company may truly be said to have reached very near perfection in this fine example of modern coachbuilding

THOSE WHO KNOW THEIR JOB.—Although every praise must be given to the average motor manufacturer for the excellent products that are made in his coachbuilding department, good as they may be they cannot hope to attain that degree of excellence which has always been associated with the better-known firms that specialise in coachbuilding. We have, in this particular branch of the motor trade, some very old-established concerns whose records go back well over a hundred years. Some people might imagine that such a long life would tend to produce old-fashioned results, but in spite of their antiquity the real good British coachbuilders have progressed with the times. When the motorist decides to purchase a chassis that I might place in the luxury class, he would be well advised not to spoil the ship for a hap'orth of tar. By giving his order for a body to a well-known coachbuilder he will have the satisfaction of knowing that the body will not disintegrate before the chassis has to be discarded.

To build a body that will outlast some of the long-living chassis of to-day the very best materials and workmanship must be employed. This naturally costs money, so it is fairly obvious that a super-body is going to cost more than the average one usually supplied with a car. I do not want my readers to imagine that my remarks are intended to be in any way derogatory to the motor manufacturer who has his own coachbuilding department. The work that these departments turn out represents wonderful value for money, and satisfies the needs of the great majority of the motoring public; but when the real discriminating owner wants something different and something much better than he can buy, as it were, ready-made, then he must call upon the services of the outside coachbuilder. Having arrived at that stage, it is obviously unwise to spend extra cash in obtaining a body of distinction unless there is reason to believe that what is ordered will actually be received. The only way to insure against any risk in this direction is to approach one or other of the well-known old-established coachbuilding firms whose reputations are far too precious to allow them, even if they were capable, of supplying that which did not give full satisfaction. The number of these firms is very limited, and can be counted almost on the fingers of both hands, and amongst this select group one can single out four for special mention, these being Barker and Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., Hooper and Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., Thrupp and Maberly, Ltd., and Salmons and Sons.

It would be impossible with the space at my disposal to give any comprehensive outline of the recent activities of these firms, but in the notes that follow, some of which deal with their most recent creations, I hope to convey some slight idea as to their capabilities.

Barker and Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd. — This famous firm was established 220 years ago, so it is fairly safe to assume that they know all there is to know about coachbuilding. They make a speciality of building coachwork for Rolls-Royce chassis, and they hold special appointments to H.M. the King and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. In addition to their activities in body-work they are also patentees and manufacturers of various interesting and useful motor-car accessories,

(Continued on following page)

Lanchester

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THE PETROL WORLD — *Continued*

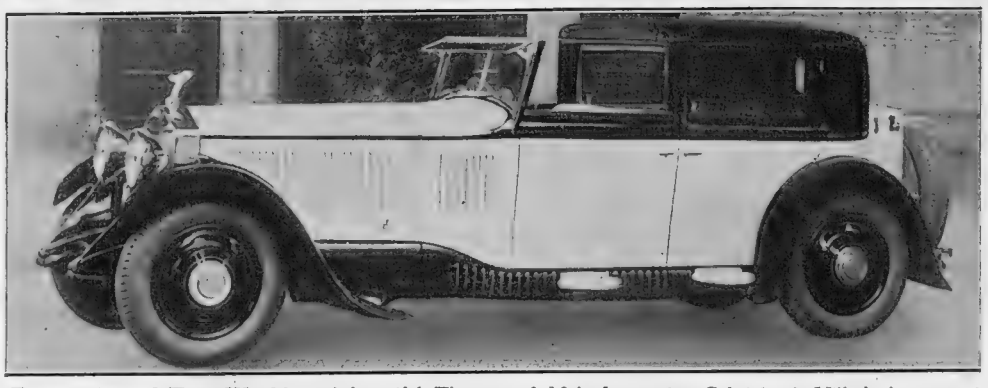
such as the well-known Barker dipping headlamps. One of the most interesting jobs which they have turned out recently is a six-wheeler Crossley chassis fitted with a shooting-brake body, specially constructed to the wishes of H.H. the Nawab of Bahawalpur. This body has been built specially for big-game hunting in rough country and also for taking photographs of wild animals, the latter being the chief reason why the car has been painted in such an original manner. The chassis is the standard India Office model Crossley Six-wheeler. The body is framed in ash and panelled in aluminium whilst the exterior has been finished in mottled khaki, no bright parts being visible. The wheels are equipped with pneumatic tyres, and two spares as well as an endless steel chain-driver for the driving bogey are carried. Its body length is 9 ft., and in the interior the side-lockers can be used as beds giving 7 ft. 1 in. in length and 2 ft. 3 in. in width. The four small windows as well as the large ones on either side of the driver are protected by metal screens so as to prevent snakes and other such unwelcome visitors gaining an entrance. The roof is constructed to slide, and the Triplex glass windscreen is made to fold out so that rifles can be used from the driving compartment. Racks for guns are provided and ammunition boxes are also carried.

Another interesting product of this firm was the Sedanca de Ville car, which won the first prize at the Cannes Concours d'Élégance. This Barker body was fitted on a 40–50-h.p. Phantom II chassis. The de Ville extension over the driver is of course a particular feature.

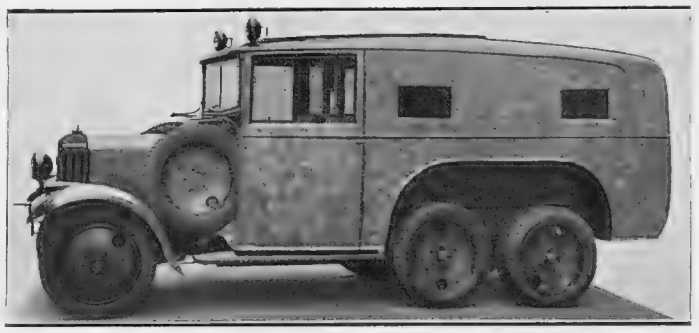
There is often a tendency on the part of the public to imagine that an old established firm like Barker's only produce carriagework of the most sedate design. It is, of course, quite true that a large proportion of their production consists of limousines, saloons, and other closed bodies, but this particular firm of coachbuilders have turned out a tremendous number of open bodies, in particular many with real sporting lines.

Barker and Company are quite proud of their activities in this direction and I could not advise anyone better than to go to Barker's if their requirements lean in this direction. On one occasion they built the body which was fitted to the car that held the world's Land Speed Record.

There are few coachbuilding firms that have activities in so many different directions. I have already mentioned their dipping headlamps, and I would like to draw attention to their bumpers. Obviously anyone who is fortunate enough to have Barker coachwork would always desire to protect it against accident. Barker bumpers are not just pieces of steel put out in front of the chassis and at the back, but are really scientifically designed, and can be relied upon to absorb any shock.



For a Man of Two Worlds: A beautiful Thrupp and Maberly sporting Cabriolet de Ville body mounted on a 40-h.p. Phantom II Rolls-Royce chassis. This car has been supplied to Mr. Claude Graham-White, the famous pioneer aviator and aeronautical engineer



A Tank of Civil Life: A 19.6-h.p. Crossley six-wheel chassis mounted with a special Barker shooting body painted so as to be practically invisible in the country through which it must travel. The body was designed to the order of H.H. the Nawab of Bahawalpur

"'LONDONS" OF THE BRITISH NAVY": The Editor begs to draw the special attention of the reader to the colour section in the centre of this issue, in the preparation of which he received much kind help from Messrs. Parker of the Parker Galleries, Berkeley Square, who gathered together this interesting collection of prints

Hooper and Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd.—The firm of Hooper really needs no introduction, for they, too, laid their foundation centuries ago. Quite recently I had brought to my notice a very elegant example of their handiwork. It was a Hooper Sedanca body on a 40–50-h.p. Phantom II Rolls Royce chassis. This Sedanca type of body is now fairly well known and will become even more so, but by giving a few details of the particular car which was brought to my notice I shall be able to give some idea of the Sedanca design.

The body on this particular car is a nominal four-seater, fairly closely coupled, but providing very adequate comfort for the owner-driver in front and a deep and luxurious rear seat, which is fitted with Hooper adjustable mechanism that is operated by twin-handles at the sides of the body. This design allows a change of position for the occupants. Small occasional seats, folding flush, are fitted to the front of the body, in the base of which are fitted concealed foot-rests. The driver's extension is arranged to fold back completely, thus giving a coupé effect, whilst the rear part is fitted with a Hooper patent Sunshine roof. The trunk at the back hides one spare wheel, the second only being visible. When touring one wheel is placed at the side of the car, and the trunk is then available for the reception of suit-cases. The instrument equipment consists of a cabinet fitted with beakers, thermos, air-speed indicator and speedometer all illuminated by invisible lamps.

(Continued on following page)

Just up to the rim . . . Fine! . . . take it easily . . . for this is a Bols Liqueur. And there is one joy in the anticipation . . . and another in the realisation . . . well . . . here's health!

Kümmel. Dry Curaçao. Crême de Menthe. White Curaçao Triple Sec. Cherry Brandy. Silver Top Dry Gin.

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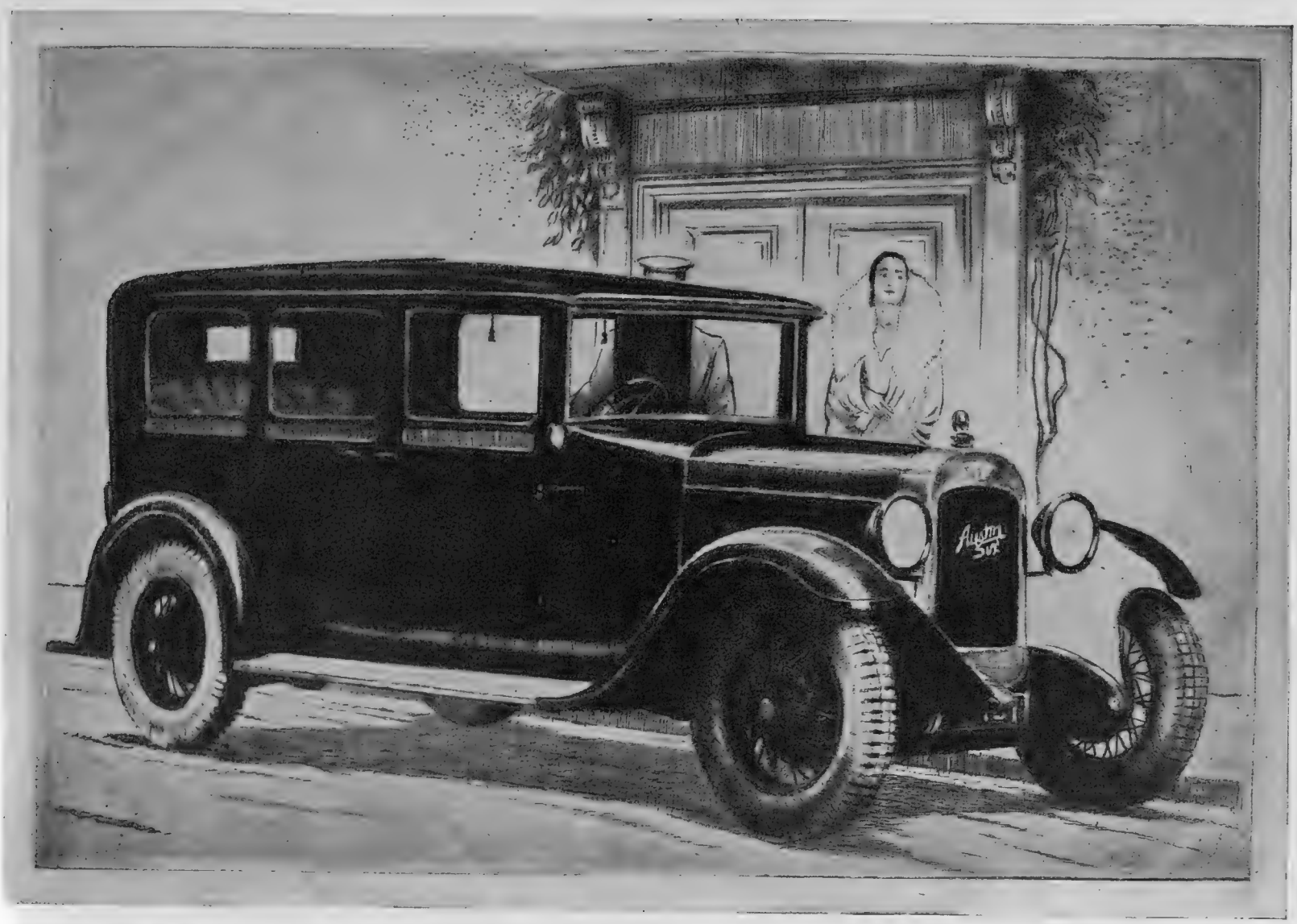

From a dry-point by Ian MacKinnon.

IN THE FINE CAR WORLD—
THE EMBODIMENT OF ALL THINGS DESIRABLE

Splendid performance, unstinted comfort, evident luxury . . . these are the assumed qualities of a fine car. But, to appeal to the connoisseur, a car must do more than conform to the presupposed standards of its class.

Mention of its name must bespeak a car of accepted rank and acknowledged pedigree. Possession must signify the social standing of its owner. The dignity of its lines, the distinction of its appointments, must reflect its owner's accustomed use of nothing but the best. Its dependability must be such that trouble is conspicuous by its absence—year in, year out.

These are the attributes which are sought by those whose choice of a particular car is determined by their discernment of its finer qualities.

Such people are owners of the Austin Twenty. For they have found that they can depend upon it to be and to remain the embodiment of all things desirable in the fine car world.

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Austin

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Showrooms: 479-483, Oxford Street, W.1. Also Service Station for the Austin Seven. Service Station and Showrooms: Holland Park Hall, W.11

THE PETROL WORLD — *Continued*

The decorative scheme is carried out externally in Hooper pastel apricot and black relieved by a fine line of pastel lemon on the discs and head. The rear seats are fitted with down cushions covered in dark calfskin, whilst a bear-skin rug covers the floor.

Thrupp and Maberly, Ltd.—Here we have another firm of coachbuilders who, like the two previous, hold Royal appointments and who have been established well over a century. Only the other day, whilst looking in at the showrooms in London, I noticed a very handsome Phantom II Rolls-Royce fitted with one of their Sporting Cabriolet de Ville bodies. The design, as will be seen from the illustration, is most attractive. I would like to draw attention to the patent extension over the driver, because it folds away so completely when not in use that one would almost imagine it never existed. The window behind the driver is also one of their patents and drops at an angle, giving the maximum space to the interior. The body on this car is definitely a four-seater, the seats being all adjustable, the rear trunk holds two suit-cases, and two spare wheels are carried behind. Other details are helmet-type wings, small carriage steps, one-piece wind-screen, adjustable foot-rests, and aluminium apron on the dumb-irons.

Salmons and Sons.—This well-known firm, who can also boast of a life running into three figures, have recently made themselves famous by their Sunshine bodies. The particular type that they manufacture is known as the Tickford, and from personal experience I can say it is a long way ahead of any other type that I have tried. It is so simple that a child can operate it, and when the roof has been opened no stays or struts obliterate the view overhead. Having seen these bodies in the making on many occasions I can truthfully testify that all the mechanism is sturdy, well made, and, if anything, over-strong for the work it is called upon to do. These bodies can be fitted on any chassis, in fact I do not think there are many left to which the Tickford body has not been fitted. Quite recently I owned a small Triumph Super-Seven with a Tickford body, and even on a chassis so small the results were absolutely satisfactory.

A motor-car body, whether it is built by the chassis manufacturer or the coachbuilder essentially provides accommodation for day journeys. Motor-cars, however, are now being used so much for holiday work that many people are beginning to realise that they can usefully employ a car, not only to transport them during the day-time, but to carry along with them their sleeping accommodation. The modern motor-car is so powerful that it can easily draw a trailer without any fuss.

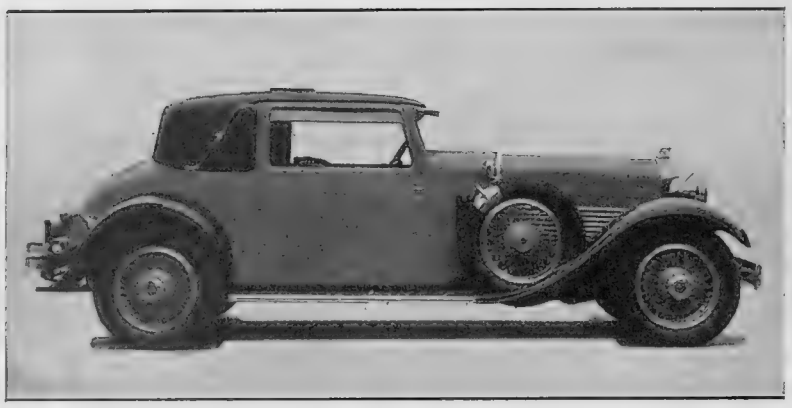
FOR A CAMPING HOLIDAY.—There is one firm in England, Eccles Motor Caravans, Ltd., who specialise in the production of motor-caravans. Their products are sturdily constructed yet are comparatively light, with the result that they can be towed along the roads at a fair speed and without any strain being imposed on the car. They are so luxuriously fitted that when they are once tried the alternative accommodation in hotels ceases to appeal. They are made in many different sizes suitable for use with the smallest or largest motor-car. With a good car and an Eccles caravan a motorist can literally tour the world free from all worries as regards transport and accommodation.

I would like to add that the towing of a caravan does not necessitate any great skill. The Eccles caravan is so constructed that anyone who can drive a car in the ordinary way can drive the car plus the caravan

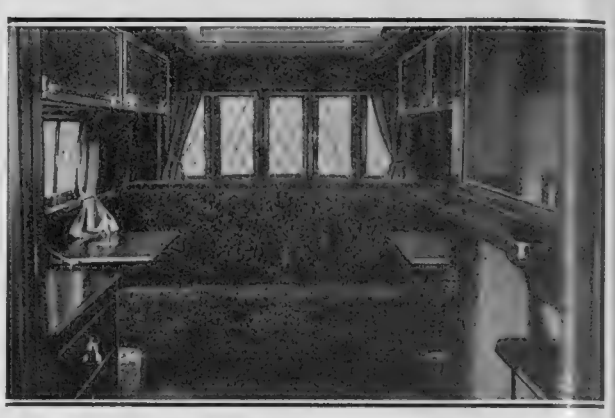
OFFICIAL ACTIVITY.—The R.A.C. learns that automatic traffic signals have now been installed in Chester, and are operating day and night. Warning signs are displayed 100 yards on either side of the signals. The R.A.C. has a complete list of towns where automatic traffic signals are in operation, copies of which may be obtained free of charge on application to the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

The R.A.C. directs attention to the fact that a land-slip is taking place at Froome's Hill, Storridge, on the Worcester-Hereford road. Motorists are advised to proceed with extreme caution, and at a walking pace over the stretch of road affected, which is about 100 yards in length. The danger area is illuminated at night, and a watchman is on duty day and night. The alternative route recommended by the R.A.C. in case of necessity is via Great Malvern, Ledbury, and Stoke Edith.

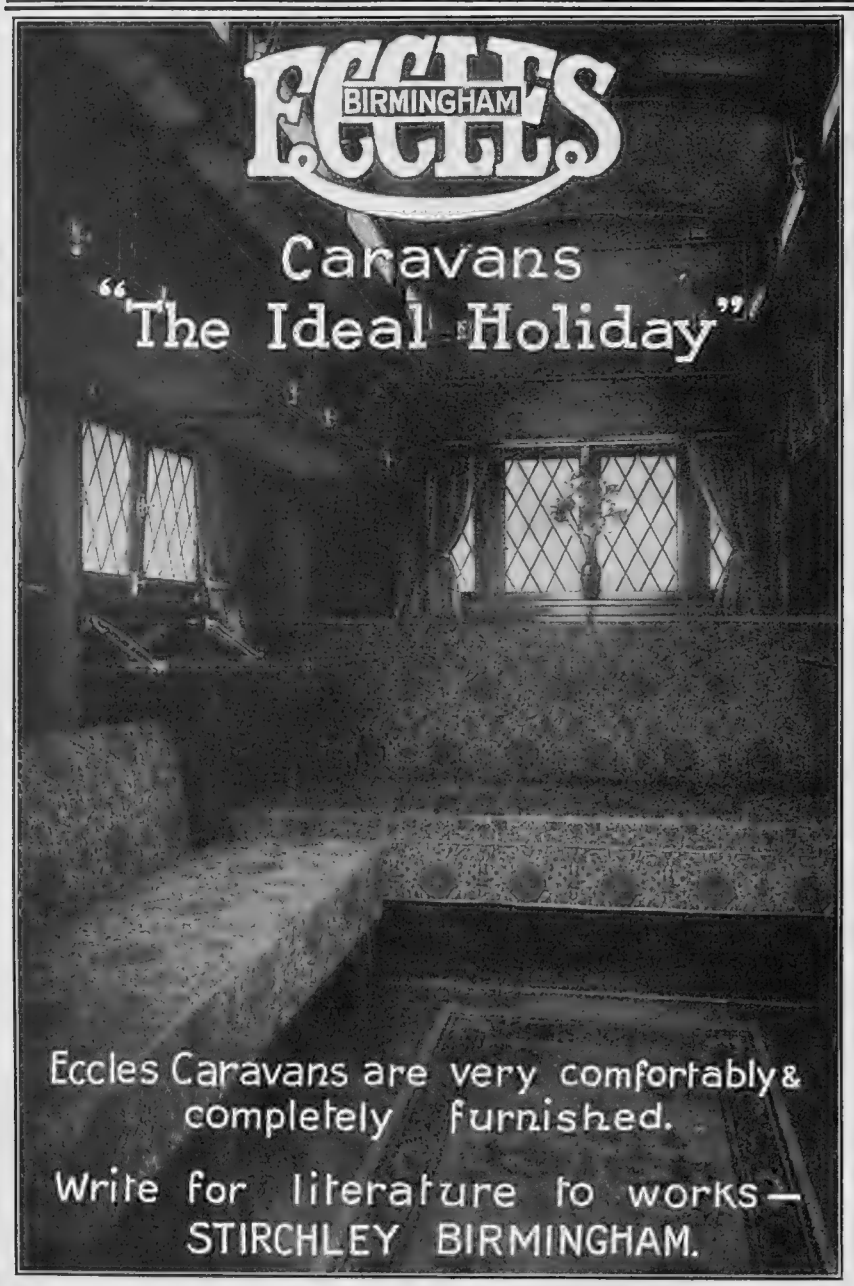
The R.A.C. also warns motorists that a section of the main road from Ringwood to Salisbury (A 338) will be closed for approximately two months in the neighbourhood of Ibsley, to permit of the removal of some 200 trees which have become dangerous to traffic. The alternative route is Moyles Court and Gorley, leaving the main road at Blashford and rejoining it at North Gorley.



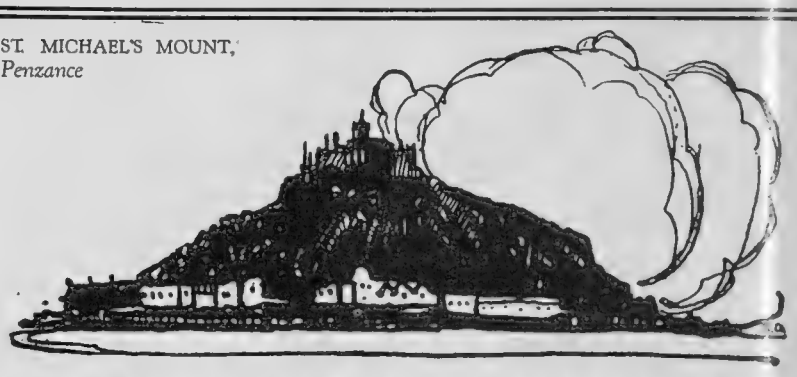
A Two-seater to Hold Four: A Stutz chassis fitted with a Type A body. It is to all intents and purposes a two-seater, but it can with comfort carry golf clubs or other luggage and on demand two extra passengers in addition. Acetex glass is used throughout



Comfort on the Roads: The interior of an Eccles trailer caravan. With such a device one may laugh at dreary rooms at exorbitant hotels, and yet be as weather-proof as in a stone house. Space-saving here reaches its peak of perfection



ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, *Penzance*



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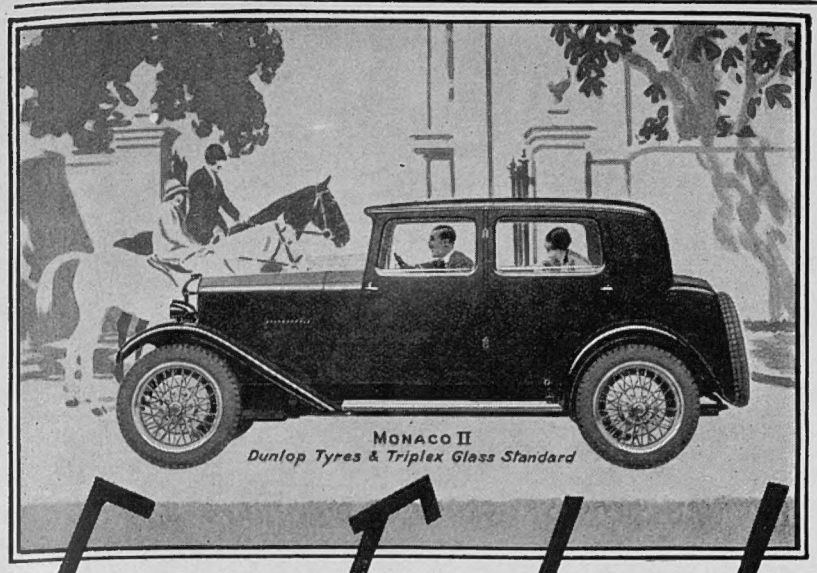

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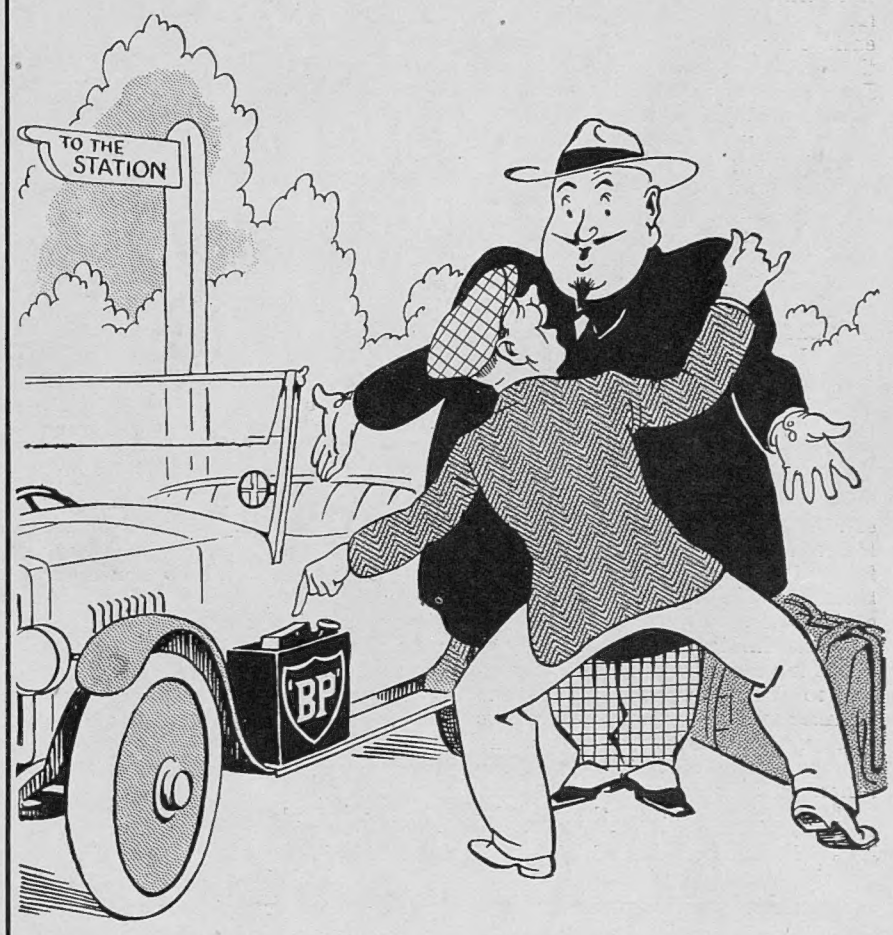

"Mais non!" cried the Count, "I can see
Your baby vill nevaire take me!"
But later he cried
"Wiz 'BP' inside
Your baby's a giant! Oui! Oui!"

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THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

A TOUR in FINLAND

By ALICE JENNER

Finland is one of the few countries of Europe unvisited to a great extent by the English and American tourist. Yet its lakes and forests are so beautiful, it is eminently worthy of a visit, and the high exchange received for English money makes it one of the cheapest countries in the world.

A very beautiful tour runs from Vyborg in the east through the lakes, which forms the Saimaa water system. After a two hours' journey by train Imatra is reached. Here are the largest Falls in Europe. The hotel, belonging to the State, is a magnificent building, and an extremely comfortable one. Bed and breakfast here cost 55 Finnish marks (5s. 6d.).

The walks in the forest by the side of the Imatra river afford many beautiful views. There is something wonderfully attractive in the mysterious silence of a Finland forest. It is no wonder that the folk lore of the country houses its terrifying legends in, and draws its beautiful descriptions from, these dark woods.

From Imatra a train journey of about ten minutes takes the traveller to Vuoksenniska, where the steamer waits to convey passengers to Savonlima, or Myslot, where the famous castle of Olofsberg is the centre of interest.

The cabins on these lake steamers are comfortable, and the food excellent.

Savonlima is reached the day after leaving Imatra. A stay of a few hours is sufficient to see the castle, which is interesting from the beauty of its position, and from the fact that it is in a good state of preservation, and is an excellent example of a fifteenth-century military architecture.

Another steamer conveys the tourist to one of the most beautiful places in Finland, Punkaharju, a ridge some five miles long, but only a couple of hundred yards wide, with lakes on both sides. To drive along this ridge, as the sun sets, is to enjoy one of the most beautiful sights in the world. Here there are two hotels; the Hotel Finland is said to be best, but the Staats Hotel in which I stayed was very comfortable.

From Punkaharju it is possible to visit Valamo, a Russian monastery in Lake Ladoga. The frontier between Russia and Finland runs through this lake, and the monastery is on the Finnish side. Alternatively the traveller may make his way farther north, until Lapland is reached.

My own tour ended at Punkaharju, from which I returned to Helsingfors where I spent about four days, and then travelled to Stockholm.

A very pleasant fortnight in Finland had cost about £8 in English money.

The FABIANS Rule BRITAIN.

By HAROLD CALLENDER

(Continued from p. 311)

at this period that we contracted the invaluable habit of freely laughing at ourselves which has always distinguished us, and which has saved us from becoming hampered by the gushing enthusiasts who mistake their own emotions for public movements.

Later the Fabians became sobered by experience. They soon ceased to bother about such ultimate and academic questions as the ideal currency for a Socialist State, and plunged into intense study of economic theory and such timely subjects as unemployment, the eight-hour day, municipal ownership, public markets, and poor law reform. They became recognised authorities, and nobody dared to say any longer that they did not know economics. If the Labour Party, in its early days, wanted an expert report on almost any conceivable social question, it had only to send word to the Fabian Society, and Sidney Webb, who is almost omniscient in this field, would draw one up overnight.

The Fabians continued to "educate, agitate, and organise," but they did so in their own way. While others were getting up unemployment demonstrations, they were digging in the library and sharpening their wits at debating societies. They founded the Hampstead Historic Club, which became a class for historic study, each student taking his turn as teacher.

Shaw has told how he "haunted all kinds of hole-and-corner debates and public meetings and made speeches at them." "Every Sunday," he says, "I lectured on some subject which I wanted to teach myself; and it was not until I had come to the point of being able to deliver separate lectures, without notes, on rent, interest, profits, wages, Toryism, Liberalism, Socialism, Communism, Anarchism, trade-unionism, co-operation, democracy, the division of society into classes, and the suitability of human nature to systems of just distribution, that I was able to handle social democracy.

If the Labour Party, which is nearly twenty years younger than the Fabian Society, has at last been able to form a Government with the help of middle-class votes, it owes its success to a great extent to its middle-class allies, the Fabians, who have done such effective axe-work.

In no other country is there anything like the Fabian Society, a middle-class organisation led by some of the most gifted writers and speakers in the land, on the one hand allying itself with working-class Socialist movements, on the other hand "permeating the Liberals" and making converts among members of its own class. But in no other country is there so much tolerance and flexibility in politics, combined with rigid social traditions.

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